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WESTERN AMERICANA

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COLE'S WAR

WITH

IGNORANCE AND DECEIT.

AND

HIS LECTURE ON EDUCATION,

DELIVERED IN THE ST. CYPRIAN CHURCH, TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11, 1857.

"It is impossible to make people understand their Ignorance, for it requires Knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive, hath it not."—Bishop Taylor.

"Men love Darkness rather than Light, because their deeds are evil."—Jesus Christ.

"Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel?"—Ibid.

"Ignorance will not be convinced; Prejudice knows no bounds."—Peter Cole.

"Besides, I have found that these political, anonymous attackers, have such a fertile ingenuity in the coining of falsehoods, that they can manufacture half a dozen lies whilst I am correcting one of them."—Col. Wilkes.

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SAN FRANCISCO:
PRINTED BY J. H. UDELL & R.P. LOCKE, 70 FRONT STREET.

1857.

Editorial.

I must apologize to my kind friends who subscribed for this work. I am very sorry to say that I have been unable to comply with my promise in regard to sending your copies Aug. 24th, as I have had great difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds to pay the printer's bills. I never needed a friend until I attempted these pages; I sought him, but he was nowhere to be found.

But here it is, at last; and, in print. I return my sincere thanks to the people of Sacramento, in particular, for their bounty extended to me. That God may bless you all in that happy valley land, is the humble and heartfelt prayer of

Your most humble and
Obedient Servant,

PETER COLE

PART FIRST.

To the Colored Men of California.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The time is drawing near when you will assemble in Convention, by delegation, in the Queen City of the West. In a few weeks you will be summoned from the airy heights and shadowy depths of every mountain and valley in the State, and every plain, where the yeoman's tread has marked the dust. Your summons will be more soul-stirring than the bugle-peal of the warrior host! It comes as the voice of Justice struggling with her balance in the dust. It is the voice of outraged humanity—the voice of mankind—appealing to Heaven and earth for help against the unmitigated wrongs of despotism.

Fellow Citizens—Should our Convention be favored with a selection, generally, of the true friends of religion, morality, intelligence, industry, and enterprise, assembling to promote the common interest of our whole people, then, indeed, will we have the fullest assurance of the happiest results from our Convention. Then may we expect a cementing of our people's minds and hearts, (which have been too much divided during the past year on our common cause,) then may we look for a concentration of effort and action, possessing omnipotence.

Let us look well to the unity of our people. To effect which, respect must be shown to religion and morality; respect must be shown to intelligence, though it may not be sanctified by religion. Respect must be shown to the industrious and enterprising among our people, though they be not favored with any or much education. The right of honest opinion must also be respected among us.

Fellow men: The wisdom and experience of ages have made axiomatical, that the Christian religion and morality, intelligence, industry, enterprise, freedom of speech and of the press, are the great battle-axes in warring against tyranny: those principles give an irresistible potency to the most feeble and oppressed people, in their grapple with despotic rule. Vain will be our efforts, except we are united in our movements; our enemies will laugh us to scorn in our struggle against the mighty—(few and feeble as we are)—every onset of our dissevered ranks and fragmentary elements will be repulsed with redoubled confu-

sion and dismay, and the more difficult renewed effort to meet the foe, until hope perishes amid the clamor of our successful emissaries. For the fuller assurance of unity and harmony, in our ranks, let us endeavor to banish from our movements all chicanery and party pandering, which are ever characteristic of foul motives in preference to good aims; these principles serve no ends but disunion, discord and confusion. Open manliness should deport public reformers.

Fellow men: Much is to be done at the coming convention for the advancement of our common cause, or the promotion of the means by which we are to meet the ills which beset us. The means are already stated, upon which solely depends our successful resistance to the invasion of our most sacred rights. We want the most judicious measures adopted, so as to create a proper interest among us. Measures to insure the perpetuity of a public Press, to be the exponent of the common interests of the whole people. Let the people in their delegating men to our Convention, send men that will care for these great interests, that they may act strictly in view of their promotion.

J. J. MOORE.

☞ In the Slave States, for about every eighteen white persons, there is one person of corrupt (mulatto) blood. In the Free States, for about 237 white persons, there is one of corrupt blood. Which are the practical amalgamationists?

WEALTHY COLORED PEOPLE.—Prof. Monroe calculates that there are 30,000 colored people, in Ohio, and that they have $6,000,000 worth of property, on which they pay, annually, $60,000 taxes.

THE VOICE OF THE COLORED MAN.

Hear, O, ye of the mountains! hear and answer, young and old! Ye of the cities, towns, villages and hamlets, wherever ye be! hear, and to the rescue! Come! come! Up, up! ye that have for one eternal age slept! Aye, slumbered, undisturbedly, for the last thirty years, while Freedom's cannon, with peal after peal, loud-thundering, has struck upon your ear in vain.

Awake, arise! I say, and to the rescue of your rights! Come, are ye suffering, groaning, overburdened Freemen? Is this, or is this not the land of your birth? Are ye men? Girt well your loins! Put on your armor, not of hope, but of determination to make the right a people's might. Come, *cap-a-pie*, with shield and buckler, fit for a fray; defy the enemy's envenomed darts which would pierce the hearts of those who would assert your rights!

In one thick, mighty phalanx come; for we are here, a terrible host, ready, willing, eager to do battle, such as ne'er was seen, 'gainst the oppressor. We must teach him that the battle is not always to the strong. *The Rights of the Negro, or War!* We must, we will have it! Not another century shall catch us slumbering. Say ye not so:

"Where there's a will there's a way." Here, in this Western World, let the work begin. Here let the tyrant tremble, fall and bite his mother, Earth, with fear! In the East, in the West, in the North, in the South—wherever he be—upon this sunny Indian soil, robbed from its rightful owners by his unjust hand,—tilled by the reeking sweat of Ethiopia's wronged children. Let him beware, for our DESTINY IS WITH US! The blood, the wrongs, the rights of our sires, all cry for revenge.

Think, two hundred years, and no redress! Speak ye, who guide this Press! Speak! for the burden that you bear is fraught with effect to our long injured race; and, O, ye of the seed of Afric's once historic land, to ye again I say, come out! aye, from within the very steeps of this long-perjured land. Come, clamor for your rights till the very heavens ache with your echoing cry—till God, in mercy, asks for pity to the slave, freedom to those who should be free, and justice to our oppressed race.

We know the oppressor's race is nearly run. Shall we then pander to his fallen hopes, his base desires, the wily wishes of him who spurns us from him to spit upon us and enwrap us in wreaths of chains—he who makes us baser than even himself? No! for if there is one germ of the love of liberty in your bosoms—if there is any sympathy in you for those whose blood has enriched the soil of these United States, and whose sufferings are the miracles of history—if there is one last ray of kindly hope in your manly bosoms—one hope that you may be ameliorated by your own efforts. For humanity's sake, for God's, for the world's, come, and show to Christendom that the work is begun. Come, that the earth may rejoice—that the nations may see that the negro is reclaimed—that we are *men*, who have stout hearts, aye, and willing hands, and reason to defend the cause of Freedom, Justice, Truth and Religion.

Then come, let us say we want the Right of Oath:

Come, and with one voice, let us denounce the Fugitive Slave Law, as a base emanation from the devil's brain, an immoral constitution of the ever-increasing Slave States:

That we are not men is vetoed by France:

That we should not be Slaves is asserted by England:

That we respect, maintain, and endorse our name, the United States shall declare.

Then, come one, come all! and let us, for once, sway high in air our Banner of Unity and Brotherly Love! and may the 13th of October, 1857, be the grand starting point in the new epoch of our history.

RETEPO SELOCO.

SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY COLORED CONVENTION.

Agreeably to previous notice, the colored citizens of San Francisco met (Aug. 4th, 1857) at Zion Church, Pacific street, for the purpose of responding to the call of the State Executive Committee, in relation to the State Convention, to take place in this city, Oct. 13th, 1857, and also for the purpose of hearing the Farewell Address of William H.

Newby, Esq., the recently appointed Secretary to M. Patrice Dillon, Consul General of France for the West India Islands.

The meeting was organized by appointing Peter Anderson, Esq., President, and Peter Cole, Secretary.

After a few appropriate remarks by the President, Mr. W. Brown moved that the call of the Convention be read—which motion was seconded and carried.

Mr. E. Cain moved that a committee of fifteen be appointed to nominate delegates to the State Convention, and to report said delegates to the people on the 15th Sept., 1857. Seconded and carried.

Mr. Charles H. Wood offered an amendment to said motion, viz.: that the Chair appoint said committee.—Carried.

The Chair appointed Messrs. C. H. Wood, E. Cain, W. Brown, W. F. Keeling, J. Marshall, J. P. Dyer, J. F. Miller, H. M. Collins, T. P. Freeman, J. P. Scott, D. W. Ruggles, Thomas Taylor, W. H. Harper, Charles Smith.

The Convention then called upon William H. Newby, Esq., who rose, and in a most eloquent and masterly address, thanked the people of the State and of this city in particular, for their kindness and friendship extended to him during his pioneer sojourn among them.

Messrs. M. W. Gibbs and H. M. Collins then introduced to the convention Messrs. Hyer and Brown, delegated by the colored citizens of Stockton to present the testimonial of their love, esteem and respect to W. H. Newby, Esq., viz.: a beautiful, exquisitely flowered silver goblet, with the name of the recipient engraved without. Mr. Hyer, on presentation, expressed the feelings and sentiments of the people of Stockton towards W. H. Newby, Esq., in the most glowing and forcible terms. Mr. Newby responded in his usual happy manner—receiving the thanks of the delegates and the applause of the Convention.

Mr. H. M. Collins moved that the thanks of the people of San Francisco, in behalf of W. H. Newby, Esq., be tendered to the delegates from Stockton.—Seconded and carried unanimously.

Messrs. W. D. Moses and H. F. Sampson then presented to Mr. Newby a splendid gold pen, with an elaborately-worked horse's head projecting from the holder. Mr. Moses addressed him in behalf of the Convention and of his (Mr. Newby's) friends, and concluded with the remarks: "This pen, though small in its intrinsic value as a gift, would be great in the hand of him who received it. That it might be the first to write us the soul-stirring tidings of the freedom of the slave, was his most earnest hope; that it might still defend the cause of 700,000 downtrodden freemen in these United and free States, was his most zealous desire; and that the horse, emblematical of swiftness, would cause the receiver of the token of esteem to urge on our cause, is the happy hope of his dearest friends—the ardent desire of the slave."

Mr. Newby again rose, and, in a few affecting words, re-thanked his friends. In this last effort, his manly feeling, big with grateful acknowledgment for their kindness, burst forth, and caused him to appear a Douglas rather than himself. The plaudits of the assembly assured him of their appreciation of his talents, and of their kindly feelings towards him.

The following resolutions were then offered by Mr. M. W. Gibbs, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We, the (colored) people of the county of San Francisco, in the State of California, in Convention assembled, knowing that Wm. H. Newby, Esq., late co-editor of the "Mirror of the Times," and so long intimately identified with us, intends leaving to-morrow for Hayti, San Domingo, to fill the official station tendered him by M. Patrice Dillon, French Consular General in the West Indies, we gladly embrace this occasion to give the following expression of our feelings and sentiments appertaining thereto: therefore—

Resolved, That in Wm. H. Newby, Esq., we recognize an intellectual man, a high-toned gentleman, and a true-hearted friend, and that, go where he may, his talents as a scholar, his suavity and affability as a gentleman, his warm and generous heart-promptings as a man, will make their mark in any community in which he may sojourn.

Resolved, That, with him, our cause, either as heralded through the "Mirror of the Times," in whose columns he was wont to pour those gems of living thought and words that burn, or in earnest and eloquent declamation of its principles from the forum, will lose a man of marked ability, unswerving devotedness, dignity and manliness.

Resolved, That our regret for his departure is only equalled by the pleasure we experience in the fact of his having been called to fill an honorable position, and act no mean part on the theatre of one of the most prominent empires of the world.

Resolved, That we hereby tender him our sincere wishes for his success, in the new relation he is about to assume, and extend it in no common acceptation of the term, but as a free-will offering from those who know, but to admire and esteem him.

The spontaneous welling-up of souls, who, with him, in the great work of advancement, had but a single thought—the echoes and thrillings of hearts that beat responsive to his own, in all that makes for the good of our down-trodden and much-abused race. Take, then, their solicitude that you may receive Heaven's choicest blessings; that your aims may be laudable, and your aspirations high; always remembering that, in "the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for bright manhood, there is no such word as FAIL."

The resolutions were responded to by the Rev. J. J. Moore, Messrs. D. W. Ruggles, W. F. Keeling, W. H. Yates and others.

By permission, Mr. M. W. Gibbs proceeded to read the article published in the "Morning Call," of Aug. 4th, touching the departure of W. H. Newby, Esq.

On motion, a copy of the proceedings of the convention were ordered sent to one or more of the San Francisco daily papers, and that the same be published at the expense of the convention.

On motion, the Convention adjourned.

PETER ANDERSON, President.

P. COLE, Secretary.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

Eighty Dollars to fatten Mr.—— departure.
What?
Fifty *pesos fuertes*; for Mr. B's speech.
Go it Miners, the Magician is after you!
The good old golden age has again returned.

Why did you not publish the correspondence sent you, touching Mr. Chas. H. Wood's resignation; that the people of San Francisco might know that Westward F. Keeling, Esq. was appointed in his place, as Chairman of the San Francisco County Colored Convention? Was it not handed in to you on Tuesday, Aug. 25th, giving you plenty of time to get it to press? Don't you sanction it?

Why did a certain gentleman deny the call to the Convention on the evening of Aug. 4th, 1857; and try to baffle the organization of the Meeting, giving a certain person time to arrive from Sacramento?—How nicely he was defeated?

Look out! fellow citizens; there are three tickets, one for the welfare of the people, (the writer goes all, on this,) the other for the aid of the pockets of last year's victorious Amigos, and the other, for this year's repetition of the past year's abuses. I go for a new Executive; what do you say? I go for a local board, and then, we can see where the money goes to, that comes down from the mountains. How say you? Let us have a local board, and then every body in San Francisco interested in the cause will accede to Mr. Hall's proposition.

The following notice should have been published in the *Mirror of the Times*, Aug. 29th: (What a shame! some have all the chances; others none. Whose paper is the *Mirror*?)

NOTICE.

To the Nominating Committee for delegates to the State Convention, and to the citizens of San Francisco, generally.

The resignation of Mr. Chas. H. Wood, as Chairman of the above Committee, having been officially tendered to me, I have this day accepted it, and exercised the power vested by the County Convention assembled, in its President; by virtue of which I have this day appointed W. F. Keeling, Esq. as Chairman of the Nominating Committee

(Signed) PETER ANDERSON, Pres't
of the County Convention, (San Francisco, Aug. 22d, 1857.)

N. B. There will be no meeting of the County Convention until Tuesday September 15th, at which time the committee is expected to report a list of delegates, and the convention will then close its labors.

Attest PETER COLE, Sect'y.
San Francisco, Aug. 22d, 1857.

Mr. Chas. H. Wood's Resignation.

"San Francisco, Aug. 21st '57.

Sir:—I hereby tender you my resignation as Chairman of the Committee appointed to nominate delegates to the State Convention.

Yours, Charles H. Wood."

To Peter Anderson, President of the County Convention.

Commission.

Westward F. Keeling, Esq.

Sir:—Official information having been given me by Mr. Chas. H. Wood, tendering his resignation as Chairman of the Nominating Committee, by virtue of the authority given me by the County Convention assembled, I newly appoint said W. F. Keeling, Esq., as Chairman of the Committee to nominate delegates for the State Convention, to be held in the city of San Francisco, Oct. 13th, 1857. This Committee being subject to a majority of said Nominating Committee. Signed Peter Anderson, Pres't of the County Convention, S. F. August 22d, 1857.

Wood's Return as Chairman.

Wood's return to his position as Chairman of the Nominating Committee was by solicitation, he having resigned, Aug. 22, and Mr. W. F. Keeling having been accepted as Chairman, said Chas. H. Wod took no part in the nomination of Delegates.

ITEMS.

The Executive power must be worth something, or there would never be in contemplation so fierce a struggle for it. Fools think, sometimes!

A White Hornet

"The Criminal Harvest.—The ingathered crop of yesterday's offenders reached the number of sixteen souls and three-quarters—the fraction consisting of a Kanaka, a greaser and a negro. The charges against these erring brothers—of sisters there were none—were as diverse in kind as the accused were variegated in hue. To two of the number was imputed inebriety; to a third the like, with the term disorderly superadded to malicious mischief; 2 assault and battery; 2 affray; 1 grand larceny; 1 burglary; 1 guilty of having no place to sleep, and 2 not able to take care of themselves. Four names were on the register of persons from the far-off county of Siskiyou, bound for San Quentin, being of that transient class who, tarrying but for a night, 'come like shadows, so depart,"—*Town Talk*, Aug. 22d, 1857.

Where was the *Mirror*?

"Cole's Lecture on Comets was very poorly attended on Wednesday evening. We believe that Mr. C. could employ his time much better in lecturing on some subject that he knows something about, as we are not very green in San Francisco. (See *Mirror of the Times* May 30th, 1857.)

"AN ARTICLE HEADED THE VOICE OF THE COLORED MAN.—We hope in future the writer will try in his communications to confine himself to the good old common-sense view of subjects, and it will be much more to his credit, as well as ours. ED. MIRROR."

(See "Job's Pocket" for the article No. 2.)

QUERIES.

What is the object of the Convention? What are the Delegates to do? Are we to be elevated or degraded?

I hope that the Executive Committee will inform us how much money passed through their hands during the past year. How much it has cost to support the *Mirror of the Times*, during the past 10 months?

Also, I think they may be able to tell us whether they have done all in their power towards carrying out the third and fourth resolutions as set forth in the third day's proceedings, morning session, Dec. 11th, 1856?

I hope every man interested in his own welfare, and about his own pocket, will urge the question, and with a copy of the proceedings of last year's convention in his hand, (Page 23) look at it, and see how it stares him in the face. What glorious large print and fine resolutions, *minus* the effect!!!

Don't shove the Education Question out of sight, this year. Without knowledge we shall always be fools,—but just as soon as we know how Jacobs does his Hic Hoc we can *presto* him!

JOB'S POCKET.

"THE VOICE OF THE COLORED MAN.

For the last thirty years there has been a continued hue and cry about slavery and its evils—of its being a sin, an injustice to man, and a disrespect of the Divine Will.

The voice of the philanthropist has been heard in the pulpit; in the halls of State; within the very portals of the Capitol, where, upon its walls are stamped, "all men are born free and equal," streams of denunciatory eloquence against it have been poured forth from some of the most renowned statesmen of the present age and of this clime.

Volume upon volume has been sent forth in the wide world. The pen of the ablest men of modern times has been employed to depict the horrors—to prevent, and, if possible, to suppress this self-evident, superheinous crime.

But what has these efforts accomplished? It appears that they tend ut to infinitely harden the stony hearts of the heartless South.

The great good men who have labored diligently in behalf of the ppressed; those who have risked fame, fortune, and the many com- orts of a happy home—all to aid the oppressed negro, Afric's weary on; friends, you have yet to learn the character of our common ene- ny—the South.

Is it reason to suppose that and good can or will be effected by rea- oning with it? Let us cease trying to talk the bondman free. Pha- raoh yet sitteth upon his throne, and God must again interpose his nighty hand.

Who dares say that there is even an idea of christianity in this sec- ond Egypt? Who is so bold as to say that there is one spark of hu- manity in the soul of a slaveholder? He who sends his children forth in flocks like cattle—the very issue of his loins—his seed---that they may be sold for dollars and cents. Who dares say that there is one single slaveholder in the whole length and breadth of the land that fears the devil, or respects the Constitution of these United States?

But let us cease to clamor; Slavery is his idol, Juggernaut. He and it are inseparable. Without it he cannot live,—not an hour, not a moment. Take away his slaves, and you make him the most unhap- py of all the created beings.

Remove the lash from his sight—give him not the opportunity to de- face God's image, and he will water the earth with tears of gall and bitterness for his loss. Yes, let the groans of suffering humanity cease to grate upon his ear, and the sweet music of his nightly dreams will be forever lost to him.

Rather than give up his right to his unrighteous, sinful, unmanly, and ill-gotten gain, he is willing to lose his soul: he will stop at nothing. He would, could he climb up to heaven and take it by storm, hurl the Supreme Being from the throne, and with the sceptre of his Maker's power, sway the whole Universe; and with the chains of a South Carolina or Georgia plantation, bind the arch-angels with all the heavenly host, and bring them captive from above, to hoe and dig his bloody soil.

Then why reason with him? That he is in every respect worse than an infidel, is plain. That he has no part in our God, we know, lest he repent suddenly. That the devil will gather him into his garner un- less he turn from his evil way, is a universal fact.

RETEPO SELOCO."

(No. 2.)

This is the 19th century, and America is at the zenith of her glory, Proud, wealthy, wise, self-satisfied, she believes herself second to none. Let her beware—let her remember Babylon the Great—let her think of Rome the proud. Might with her is right. Four million slaves upon her free soil, chained, welter in their blood, and the colored free- man has not where to place his foot. The voice of Africa's much- wronged sons has risen to the very portals of the skies. God hears, and stays his wrath, but that she may turn from her evil way, and

give back four-fold in recompense for her unrighteous gains. Oh that she may hear the Prophets warning voice ere it is too late, for she cannot retrograde. Even now she is shaken from her very basis. Be warned—Each earthquake's tone is the sentinel. Beware! freedom to the slave, or desolation—this is the self-evident fact now presented to her view. The right of the Negro, or war. He will have it.

That the African is not a man is vetoed by France.

That he should not be a slave, is asserted by England.

That the United States is shaken by his fame, Dred Scott is a *proof*.

But arrayed to do battle with the Great God of the Universe she cares not what comes; determined to rob humanity of its right—the Prophet speaks in vain. Then shake, ye unhallowed Senate house of this too long perjured land. Shake, ye tempest, until their lowering ruins creep heaps on heaps, until the earth opens, and chaos takes ponderous weight to hurl through dark unbounded space. Then call ye statesmen—good men call, let Washington come to save her. Alas! 'tis too late—your country is fallen to rise no more—a Republic—false, proud, and free.

How she wept—and criedthe Constitution, the Constitution—save me, save me. Look! where once she stood, the pride of nations—not a remnant, not a vestige now remains. Nought but the "rock of truth" is seen—upon it one erect, in his right hand a scroll, and on it are written these words—"all men are born free and equal." That is Jefferson, too late to save. RETEPO SOLOCO."

STATE CONVENTION.

The Third Annual State Convention of the colored citizens of the State of California, will be held in the city of San Francisco, on the 13th of Oct. 1857, at 10 o'clock A. M. Every Assembly District in the State is entitled to send two Delegates for every member of the Assembly.

By order of the State Executive Committee.

J. H. TOWNSEND, Chairman,
E. P. DUPLEX, Sec'ty."

From the Mirror.

JACK AND GILL.

As Jack met Gill the other day,
'Twas thus they gossipped on the way:

JACK.

What is all this bustle, all this row,
That doth excite our people so?
What bubble new, or speculation,
Doth agitate their expectation?
What arguments are those they hear
That sounds so pleasant in their ear?
What men are those who boldly stand
And urge them to a foreign land?

GILL.

My friend, you surely ought to know
What got our people in this row:
Have you not heard of declamations
Upon the subject, "Emigration?"
Have you not heard our would-be-teachers
Caring for us, poor simple creatures?
In social and in civil state,
Would have us all to emigrate.
They say, we suffer much vexations
About some unjust taxations,
Lately subject to P.'Cole-ation:
Having no show in litigation,
Cannot obtain to elevation,
Nor hold an office in this nation;
Subject also to despotation,
And many wrongs of aggravation.
Have no respect in any nation;
Are held up oft to execration,
And suffer some by combinations.
The laws require our immolation,
Condemns us without hesitation:
To seek for any alteration—
Your Welfare in expatriation;
For these and many reasons just,
Convene, say they, and congregate;
Select some man, adopt some plan,
Sell out, back out, and emigrate—
'Tis this, my friend has caused the row
Some vascilate—some hesitate;
Many prefer to live in Towns,
And ONE or MOORE may emigrate.

CLIO.

Jack and Gill—a round shot fired at me by the MIRROR OF THE TIMES, June 20th, 1857.

Gill and Jack, is my wad for Sept. 15th. On Oct. 13th, I will ram it home as you would'nt give me a chance before.

GILL AND JACK.

Gill and Jack went up the hill
To preach non-emigration,
Jack forgot the logic book
Which led to this oration.

GILL.

What shall we do my dearest Jack
No book, no education,
Nor sense enough to set us right,
Respecting emigration.

JACK.

Go 'long you silly fellow; root,
You don't deserve a station
If you can't blind the many fools,
That stick to P.Cole-ation.
They say that here we can't attain
To any elevation;
And hence their battle-cry—
To arms—to emigration.
I'm not afraid the Colored people,
Will sink to degradation.
So down with every one who says,
Hurrah for emigration.

Why Gill we yet will be a race,
And hold as noble station,
As any black men ever held,
Here in this Yankee nation.
I know that I'll be President,
And have my white relation,
Shall I then become a fool,
And favor emigration?
Oh yes, dear Gill, oh yes,
Our hopes of elevation,
Are just as sure as you're a fool,
To preach non-emigration.
Do be convinced dear, dear Gill,
We need no education
To silence every numbscull black,
Who speaks of emigration.
Then lend your aid; keep down this people,
Cut short their education,
Prepare a mob and stop
Their plans and thoughts of emigration.

GILL.

Well I declare, why Jack!
How great your education,
A poet too of plots and contra plans,
Respecting emigration.
You with all your goodly friends,
May scorn emancipation,
And humbug all such foolish sots,
As preach on emigration.
You know stiff-colored A and T,
Both wise men in our nation,
Who live to save a many a *sole*,
From fearful emigration.
Advise with them dear fellow,
To find your quick damnation,
Which they do say is better far,
Than think of emigration.
T. has sense; A. easily led,
By any declamation.
'Tis thus his crooked head becomes
Too soft for emigration.
T. hath taught and led friend A.,
In dens of degradation,
Till A.'s become a polished man,
To vote down emigration.
Meridian A. and polar T.,
Are 9° by 10° relation.
Let Cole cry up; let T. cry down,
The A. cries MIDDLE-gration.
Our great and long friend A.,
Content with any station.
At times he's pro. sometimes he's con.,
For pro-con emigration.
These two I'll introduce to you,
They Pete Cole's speculation;
Their beetle brains cannot contain,
His plans for emigration.
Secure such friends as these,
You'll share in their spoilations.
I'll aid you too, although a dunce,
To cry down emigration.
Such friends secured, preach on,
Work out the black's salvation,
While turn-coat A., and treacherous T.,
Urge on non-emigration.
Say to all nations, kindreds, tongues,
Farewell expatriation—
We have not courage—SPUNK enough,
To think of emigration.
We'll rather be as Southern slaves,
Bound here by BLACK taxation;
Than have a puny Cole to rule,
Or speak on emigration.
To Mexico we will not go,
Nor Moore's Canadian station,
Till A. can say the Spanish word,
That stands for emigration.

PREFACE.

GENTLEMEN:—With feelings of the greatest respect, I submit this feeble effort of my pen to you all, hoping that you will peruse these pages, and conclude, with me, that I am doing right, while endeavoring to place before the eyes of our less favored brethren these few simple hints, to aid and encourage them while endeavoring to seek the path of wisdom.

Would to God that I could do more! Would that I had the power of Newton to demonstrate! Would that I had the wisdom of Solomon, to pour forth the spirit of science in their souls!

In this effort, seek not the effusions of learning, nor the studied combination of grammatical and flowery speech; but rather seek and treasure up the advice of one, perhaps, your junior in years, but not so in the experience and trials of the world. My object is pure. The Being who rules above, knows my desires, my hopes, and my aspirations for you all—for this people who see not their way clearly through the devious windings of Time.

I assure you that I have never laid claim to be a scholar. I know too well the qualifications necessary to be one. I do not wish to make a show of my talent for the purpose of gaining the approbation of the public. I wish *to awaken*, TO AWAKEN them to a sense of their degradation—their behindhandedness—more than that of any other people upon this little *ball*.

I must acknowledge my gratitude to you all for the kindness and courtesy I have experienced in your midst since I have been with you, and I trust I shall never give occasion to receive less at your hands. I shall always endeavor to appreciate your kindness. Wherever my lot, by the will of Providence, may be cast, I shall kindly think of your welfare as identified with my own.

I am not here as an orator—a man of many words; but I subscribe to everything like action—prompt and well-developed action.

I give place to those among us who are my superiors, oratorically; but, with the pen, I mean to maintain my right. So let traitors beware!

That my *oratorical* friends are more fluent and powerful in speech than I am, is the will of nature. That I am a bad grammarian, is my teacher's fault and that of my dull understanding. Yes, O, thou orator, when thou risest, like the morning sun, in all the pomp and grandeur of Demosthenes, crowned with the laurels of thine own self-sufficiency, it appears to me that thou art powerful to save. It appears to me that

thy defiance is thrown as fire issueth from a demon's mouth, and thy words appear letters written in living, liquid flame. O, how I fear thy "Wo betide the man that cometh to equal strife with me." Hence I'll leave thee, lonely, in thy glorious might!

Gentlemen—Though I am wending my lonely way through an almost inextricable maze of difficulties, I see you! And my sympathy, too, is ever with my humbled race. I am deeply, deeply interested in their welfare. This is an important crisis in our history; the every-day proceedings of the white man against us, tells us this is the time not to pause. It tells us we want a knowledge of him and his ways, now, more than at any other previous period in his or our history. It tells us that we must be great in counsel, wise in thought, and firm in action to defeat his villanies. Yes, we want all this, and more, to shield us from the inclement storms that beat upon our house. Heavy is our doom! Outcast from society; without, they say, a country.—Let us unite and work together for our common good, and embrace each and every opportunity to benefit ourselves and each other; and each, doing his duty to his fellow man—I say, each and all will come out of the seven-times heated fiery furnace—the prototypes of the seven mighty men of God.

My greatest desire is to see ourselves combined and stable in effort. Let us put away prejudices, and cease bickering.

Let every one try to work for the common good of all, without distinction as to color or wealth. God made the dark man as well as the light man, but he never made an Aristocratism!

The man among us who has twenty thousand dollars, and neither education, good sense, or manners, is, in my opinion, less to be appreciated by sensible persons than the honest Christian poor man, whose whole stock and capital are common sense, and his hands with which to earn his daily bread, to support himself and humble family.

The rich presumer, however, bold in the strength of the almighty dollar, and who rules a king triumphant by its might, cannot make me bow so low to him as I would to the poor wise man his master.

The man who fears not God, would trample upon the church, and make its children crouch subservient to his will. He who regards the Christian but as a tool to further his mean and basely-foul purposes; the man who hates the sound of a gospel-teacher's voice, and thinks philanthropy a mere thing, both base and vile, while ignorance is made his code of human law—to him I say, Away; aye, to earth's remotest bound. We need thee not.

Wisdom, truth, and justice I love and respect. To wisdom's voice now let us listen, while its teachings sublimely sweet upon our ears doth strike. With humble hearts, attend and learn.

Blessed with a knowledge of these things, we shall no longer be swayed by sophistry's vile hand: but we shall know false reasoning by its shape, however plausible it may come—rebuke it—drive it hence. With wisdom's light, we shall not swerve from her just cause, even though devices base, alluring wiles, may blow a trumpet-breeze. So, when the demon shouts, and, with long outburst of cankering, *eloquent*

speech, give back, in wisdom's words, the terms that seal his fate—with arms extended, high in air, invoking a God's terrific curse—defy him to his teeth, and say, "'Ere I'm a slave, thou shalt be so first!"

The object of the lecture included in these pages, when delivered, was to give the willing hearer and anxious inquirer after knowledge, a simple guide; this latter being a thing very necessary to us; and hence, though it may be denounced as the work of a simpleton, by learned gentlemen, still it may subserve the purpose of the not so wise portion among us. Hence the critic may choose his points for sarcasm, and root out the very entrails of my discourse. He may pore over these pages as the infidel pores over the Word of God, to make it a laughing-stock; yet, I shall have the advantage-ground, and for three reasons: First, I shall have caused him to read it. Secondly, I shall cause him to comment upon it. And, thirdly, he must confess that, with all his powerful criticism, he has not spunk enough to come forth and demonstrate the subject more clearly than myself—at least, he never has done so as yet. He knows to whom I am speaking! "Do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel?"

Gentlemen—I hope that it is clearly understood by every person that I do not seek to curry favor with any individual, rich man or an influential one. Let talent work its own way through the world, though it be little, and in a rude state. It has been asserted that I am an ignoramus; *Bueno!* but I do not mean to slip from under any burden I agree to carry. No, sirs, not till I am fairly convinced by others than upstart collegians that I am an x—x——

My motto is this: Answer my questions, and I will answer yours.—I do not, I repeat it, seek to win fame by empty show. This is a general supposition, and arises from Miss Serpent Prejudice. Now, I believe that every reasonable colored man in this community, will agree with me when I say that, as we are now traveling on the track of good will, the chances of winning renown, in this city, are so slim that, before a man can cleverly get enough of it, the tomb closes over him, and forty-and-four generations are forgotten.

Now, hear! I had better lecture upon some subject upon which I am better acquainted than astronomy! Bitter! But I guess I'll do just as I please about that. I don't want you to pick my subject for me. I've come to years of maturity; thirty summers' heat and as many winters' cold have 'twined their link of thought within my breast. Remember, sir, I am not to be governed by any of your Southern principles, engendered here in the hot-bed of San Francisco. I am captain of my own little body. This is called a Free State, and I wish all slave-drivers, whether as black as chimney-soot, or as white as drifting snow,—I wish them to know, that I'm from the Empire State, and that I am governed by the sentiments inculcated in the children of her soil; and, so long as I live and breathe in God's pure air—just so long I mean to do, say, act, think and speak, as every honest man does, in the good old State that gave me birth. You hear me, do you not?

Gentlemen—I respect every man, and mean to treat him with all the respect and courtesy due his talent and good standing in society.

But things have come to a pretty pass, here, in this Western World. It is dangerous for a man to open his mouth. The very air is contaminated with prejudice and envenomed spite. The whole Colored community seems to be infatuated by a kind of human devil with a pair of tails and a fiery tongue that spits and stings to the "very death." They are so governed, and think so little for themselves, that reason and common sense appear to them a thing most wonderful, a something similar to the Pope's garment—a sin to touch. But I was not born blind, neither do I require a glass of great magnifying power to bring before me plainly—to my passing view—the thousand and one deceits practised, and the various party under-ground workings of the vile-opposing, false faced, hypocritical wolves in sheep's clothing that prey upon the remains of a suffering, helpless humanity.

"O, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"

So much talk about self-elevation, and no attempt made to reach even the mean. We have done so and so much towards the elevation of our race. Yes, with a vengeance! And, then, how much have you undone? Nothing. Amen! We'll see, for the year to come. You have worked with your magician's rod very well for six years past.—Now I wonder if you won't work with Aaron's for the future. I wonder if this 1857 will be a year of jubilee, also; there's no telling—that's so. You have that down rather too fine. I guess you will have a little extra help this season, and see if you don't work out Bates' scheme easier. "Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head."

But to the elevation scrape. Now do pray tell us what devil is so base as to teach men to lie so unconcionably that they may not only deceive others but themselves, with such apparent truths.

Is it not a fact that, if any man attempts to enlighten his fellow-oppressed fellow-man, open his eyes to his real deplorable condition—to point out the way to him—how he may best emerge from his servile condition to a ruthless tyrant—I say, is it not a fact that that man is a fool? Must he not be driven from our midst by sarcasm, vile argument and base lying; and that, too, by a set of men who will not be governed by either truth, justice, or reason; but who are determined to be governed with every false power within their grasp, and sway the sceptre of ungodliness—blinding the already blind. "Let them move Gibraltar!" Actually, I do not believe that, in any other land within creation's pale, can be found such curious modes for the amelioration of Man. I am certain the missionary never acts thus, except he be aided by the "old boy" himself.

Do tell me, fellow-traveler, wherever you be, in what country in this wide world, have you ever seen the like modes of "Re-civilizing" Man? How are men civilized? How are men affected by amelioration? Is their amelioration their re-sinking into barbarism? What are the effects of enlightenment upon a race? Ignorance? What are the conditions by which a people are made better?

A people, emerging from a state of ignorance, are led by some potent *cause*. This cause, most generally, is their coming in contact with an-

other people more enlightened than themselves; by imbibing the latter's feelings and sentiments of refinement, by having engrafted in them ideas of civilization; and, by the receipt of knowledge, drive from them the very relics of barbarism, that wisdom may become a part and parcel of them.

Thus we see, that the way for the philanthropist must be cleared, that he may build upon the ruins of misanthropy the fabric of enlightenment. The strongholds of prejudice must be torn from the very roots, and then he may rear upon their base the standard of to think to speak, and to act freely are Divine gifts from God to Man.

Touching ourself: I cannot see, for the life of me, as says "a friend to the cause," why it is that these eloquent Websterian orators, Murrayite grammarians, Babinetical astronomers, and self-conceited mathematicians, do not call us to account rightly, and give us a few simple extraneous ideas—a few simple lectures upon the errors committed by us in grammar. Do we commit more than they? We want to know our errors. Do come out and give us a few demonstrations of your scientific capacities. The public won't dislike it. I'll stand between you and them, and shield you from their sarcasm—all of you—as if I were your god-father.

Let me beseech you to come forth from your den, and aid the poor school-boy. Let him see you demonstrate the laws by which the planets are governed. I don't say you can't do it. Let us have some more of your false ideas respecting comets, and see you solve the baby-problem that appeared in the Mirror of the Times "*No hace mucho!*"

Now, brothers bug, it is well enough—it is well—to be saying to the four winds that we have here a certain Peter Cole, lecturing upon subjects incompatible with his scope of mind, and that he says he does it because he believes there's nothing like trying to see what we know of these subjects. That he caused to be printed a problem, in the Mirror of the Times—a sum that had neither beginning nor end. I think if you look again, you will see that you got that saying down wrong. It has an end: but, I believe, no beginning. Yes, indeed, whatever you gents say is law; but there's not much gospel about it. It is all very good as far as talk goes; very sound and acceptable logic for the insane, and all such as are willing to believe just what they are told; for those who are willing to be led, bound hand and foot—aye, led by the ear, as a sheep to the slaughter. What a wonderful progressive age! *Je crois que oui.*

But, Messieurs, until we shall meet face to face, and until you prove to me that I cannot puzzle some of your literatic *Knobs* in the rules of Smith or some other English grammarian, (when you go to Greek and Latin you will beat me,) until you shall convince me that the combined researches of Newton, Halley, and a host of other great astronomers, are mere school-boys; sums, until you shall convince me that I cannot demonstrate the very ideas set forth by the originators respecting comets, etc.;—as they are to be demonstrated that a child may understand them—until then, I shall think, say, and endeavor to propagate the doctrine that you are trying to rid yourselves from your duty to me; and that you are the green ones—and, not only green ignoramuses and bab-

bling plagiarists, but down-right long-eared jackasses! I am just like an angel's visit! Notice that!! Put it in your pipe and smoke it!!!

Not being necessitated, I never pretend to meddle with affairs politically considered; for I hate every class of monkey-logic; I stand as the Hon. Edward Stanley says, upon no platform but my own. It is that of right, and for the full undivided dissemination of enlightment, religion and educational truth, among us. I am willing to share my talent with the good man, and listen to the wise man, and learn his ways. Therefore, again, I say, I ask from every man that courtesy due from one to another. I ask from no man anything as a pauper. Give and I will return the kindness. I attack no man for his sentiments, so long as he keeps to windward of me; but just as soon as he boards my craft, he'll get as bitter a pill as I can give him.

But your kindness is a fiery serpent, and your favors dangerous even to your friends.

One thing, I must say, that I am greatly puzzled. I can see into Euclid; but I cannot find out why the disciples of certain "baboon" critics are always asserting that they are battling with our common enemy, for the purpose of overthrowing the quality most prominent in themselves. Really, this is a modern curiosity to me. Why, gentlemen, prejudice is found in them fourfold greater than in any white man in creation. And, another thing, I would like to see into. My mind is not satisfied with superficial knowledge. Why is it that they, knowing that some of us are not capable of discerning the drift of their reasoning, the depth of the mean, basely vile quality, imbrued into their hearts, why is it, they are so ungenerous as to heap insult upon insult, and cap the very climax of gulle, by trying to put out the little light of reason that even the fool has left.

Truly, we are a silly nation, not to see, and follow the dictates of Reason!

Here are men who have set themselves before us as a beacon-light to guide us safely, and, instead of leading us into the path of safety, they drag us into the quagmire of deceit and ignorance—we going willingly.

They encourage us to progress! but why, if they are afraid that by so doing, we shall nip the rose from their crown of ill-gotten glory. If they be sincere in their wishes and endeavors for our good, and rejoice when we do right—if they see that, in our endeavors we err, why do they not, like men, assume such a position that we may see plainly in what points we are astray?—come forth and argue these points clearly, that we may get what we are seeking for—Wisdom?

But it is no use talking. We might just as well ask Dr. Scott whether a man can be a Christian, God-fearing man, and, at the same time, a slave-holder, and expect from him an answer in the affirmative.

My sincere wish is, that they will come forth and correct our errors, and not condemn what we believe they cannot do half so well as ourselves. Every man, with but a bite of knowledge, knows that criticism is one thing, and scholarship another. Why, if we had half as many scholars in this town as we have critics, I don't know where ignorance could find a hiding-place.

Gentlemen, believe me when I say, that to preach to us how we shall go to work and elevate ourselves, without giving us a practical example as a guide, is useless; and I say, that those who preach the doctrine of self-elevation, had better cease it until they can fully divest themselves of their evil ways, and dig up the great stumbling-block, Prejudice, out of their path. It is that which prevents them from gaining 'vantage ground in the very city they are trying to build up.

In conclusion: Gentlemen, to whom I dedicate these pages, do you think I shall find it an honor to crouch to such men? *Common* men—men who hate real worth? Do you think I am to be tickled by their applause, won by their entreaties, degraded by their misrepresentation, or driven by their reproaches? I, who have entered the courts of kings and princes, enjoyed the smile and received the care of some of the greatest men of modern times, both in foreign lands and in my own? Do you believe that I am to be called to the sound of every penny-whistle, from which is blown a San Francisco march, to drive us to the heights of great renown? No, no, no! I have seen, and do see, this world as it is created by God. I moreover see it, and sorrowfully, as man has modelled it, and I am satisfied that everything on it, and relative to it, not immediately in conjunction with the Divine will, is vanity—the vanity of vanities.

Therefore, believe me when I say, that I shall appreciate very little, how great soever may be the name I gain among such men as I term Philo-philanthropes.

Yours, most respectfully,

PETER COLE.

To the Revs. J. J. Moore, T. Detter, C. Satchel, J. B. Handy; W. F. Keeling, Esq.; Messrs. J. P. Scott, W. Brown, J. G. Marshall, and D. W. Ruggles.

San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1857.

PART SECOND.

EDUCATION.

Religion holding the primary place, there is nothing else which elevates and fits us so well for the discharge of all our duties in life, both public and domestic, as education.

There are two classes of education which are more particularly to be taken into view. The first, or that which is imbued in us with our appearance in existence, is Natural education.

The second is the first, modified by every Artificial means.

The Natural education implanted in us, teaches us right from wrong—teaches us that we are governed by a Great and Supreme Being.—It shows us our dependency upon that Being—the respect due him from us, and withal, teaches us how to accommodate and suit our condition in regard to the things which the Maker of us has committed to our care for the promotion of our own welfare, that of our inferiors, and God's own glory.

This first, being Man's inherent education, is plainly distinguished from the second by being the foundation upon which the second, or Artificial system, is reared.

The mind of man may be aptly compared to a garden. Natural education is the seed sown by our Maker—the most skillful of all husbandmen. Each one of us is properly but a laborer employed to harvest.

The natural seed which has been sowed in this most prolific of all soil, (the human mind) when well weeded and watered by a skillful cultivator, when he has applied rightly all the utensils of agriculture which were placed in the garden, for his use, viz; patience, perseverance and care—he will reap a rich harvest for his toil—be fully remunerated by the abundance of his crop, and greatly pleased with the view of his once barren field; now a rich land yielding two fold profit for his pains.

From the conclusions here drawn, we adduce the satisfactory evidence, that every man has within him the germ of education, and that it depends wholly upon himself, whether he cultivate and nourish it—whether he improve or waste his time.

Since it is said in Holy Writ, that God has created each one of us very little lower than the Angels, and since Angels are so intelligent beings, constituted with wisdom as far surpassing that of Solomon as there are heavenly beings above—we, being a very little less than they, must have within the store-house of the mind an inconceivably vast amount of treasure, which, when drawn forth, and properly applied to all the various uses for which it was given, we are benefitted; God will be glorified and the Angels rejoiced. Hence:

Self-cultivation, or education, will be what we are to seek for in order that we may accomplish the important task binding upon us, viz; our welfare, God's glory, and the happiness of our to be fellow spirits.

"Self-culture has called forth the hidden energies of the soul, and fitted its votaries to become the pillars and bulwarks of society. It has taught them that man is not a "leaning willow," but a being, noble in reason and infinite in faculties; that he must not rely wholly upon foreign aid, but must task his own powers, and be able to measure his capacities. This resolute spirit, though latent, can, when fanned into a flame, lead him through every trying emergency, and teach him to remove obstacle after obstacle, till the path lies open to the goal of his ambition, the proudest pinnacle of science."

"In taking a survey of the master spirits that have at different periods swayed the world, we find the most prominent among them to be those who have risen by their own exertions, and overcome all opposition with their own hands; men who have emerged from obscurity, and by dint of unremitting labor passed every mile-stone on the high road to wisdom; men who, deprived of all outward aid, have turned inward to their own understandings, and found a teacher there."

"This teacher continually urged them 'onward and upward' until the aspirations of that mind which God has made immortal, have im-

pelled them forward to their high and honorable destiny. And all have this teacher, this quenchless spirit, and might have this same unconquerable resolution."

"Poor men might—did they choose, become kings, not of State or Empire, but of the world of intelligence; they might grasp the scepter of knowledge and reign in prouder state than does the monarch in his jewelled robes and glittering tiara? for what diadem so priceless as that of wisdom? They might search the pages of ancient lore, and win many a gem to sparkle in that crown, of which the proudest kings might still be prouder."

"A life of luxury induces sloth, destroys the mental perceptions, and enervates a frame naturally vigorous; while the senses, sharpened by privation, are rendered better capable of deep reflection, and the eye of the soul becomes expanded till its piercing vision can gaze undimmed upon the sparkling treasures of intellect."

"Learning delights to visit the hut of the backwoodsman as well as the lofty mansion of the citizen; all may drink yet—still her unfailing fountain will be ever full. How sweet is the reward of the mind that can say;—I have been my own teacher. How much more enjoyment does it know, than he who, having all the advantages which learning could bestow, has cast them lightly aside, and refused instruction. It feels that the knowledge it has gained is its own by a right to which none can either question or take away."

"And it knows that the treasures it may have acquired can never be lost or perverted to ignoble purposes, because being obliged to toil for them, it has learned to estimate their real value. As no theory can be sustained without illustration, I will point out one from among the mass of numerous instances in which men have risen by their own exertions, to fill exalted stations in the world of letters; the self-educated Franklin, the father of American Science."

"When a rough, awkward boy, the Governor of New York, having heard of his uncommon abilities, sent for him in order to test his acquirements, thinking no doubt within a short time to sound the mind of the untutored "Yankee." In the course of conversation the youthful Franklin quoted Locke, at which the astonished law-giver started back in amazement.

"Locke! and pray, sir, where did you study Locke? "At home, in a tallow chandler's shop," was the answer. The same persevering spirit which led him to search the secrets of philosophy impelled him forward, until science gave into his hands the keys of her power, and "the lightning played harmless at his feet."

We do not believe, as has been said in times of yore, that a man cannot without the continued aid of an instructor arrive at a sufficiency of education to enable him to grasp the higher sphere of knowledge.

Grasp the very elements and retain them practically, do not neglect to apply them at each and every opportunity that is afforded, and see to where you will arrive. Every man who is, and wishes to be, truly great in the paths of art and science, must labor for himself. He wants a teacher no longer than to become initiated in the preliminaries

of his future progress in whatever particular branch he is to make his studies. Hence, I say, secure well the elements—cultivate them, and apply some of the self-confidence assumed in cases where it brings no gain. Let every man believe he can, and he will become great; depend upon it.

Daniel Webster, showing us how scholars are made, says:

"Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, a man is under God, the master of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its own action, and, by its own action, it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense educate himself—the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or has read most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden by an overburdened mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is the man who can boast merely of native vigor, or capacity. The greatest of all the Warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had strenght and carried the largest bow; but as greater, because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it."

Conquer one thing at a time, and but little of it, and you get along better, faster—surer; most satisfactorily will your progress be to yourself, and more perceptible to your friends. By so doing, time is gained; great improvement is made, the labor less, and money saved.

The years and months spent under the careful tuition of the instructor very often has a tendency to disgust the student, instead of enlisting him in favor of science. Too many studies at a time burden the mind and really vitiate it, unless the mind be of the Newtonic class.

Who does not become tired of an army of formal rules and a phalanx of mock recitations? The time lost, labor spent, and money squandered in the education of a single numbskull sophomore, is not unfrequently but a small portion of the troubles given to his friends; for the individual who has no hope of his own success, must never be expected by his friends to grace the throne of knowledge. Yes, the sum spent to collegiate such an individual is often sufficient to make him a scholar ten times the superior of Newton.

"Education is mental discipline."

"The human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence,

Here the faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies which are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves."

"The object of training such a mind, should be to enable the soul to fulfill her duties well here, and to stand on high vantage ground when she leaves this cradle of her being for an eternal existence beyond the grave. There is now and then a youth who, like Ferguson, can tend sheep in the field, and there accurately mark the position of the stars

with a thread and beads, and with his knife construct a watch from wood; but such instances are rare. Most need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and directions to guide them."

"The mighty minds which have gone before us, have left treasures for our inheritance, and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging.—How great the dissimilarity between the naked Indian, dancing with joy over a new feather for his head-dress, and such a mind as that of Newton, or of Boyle! And what makes the difference?"

"There is mind enough in the savage; he can almost outdo the instincts of the prey which he hunts, but his soul is like the marble pillow. There is a beautiful statue in it, but the hand of the sculptor has never laid the chisel upon it."

"That mind of the savage has never been disciplined by study; and it, therefore, appears in the comparison, like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity."

"I am not now to discuss the question whether the souls of men are naturally equal. You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, or a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and of views; but believe me, you, probably are not a genius, and can never become distinguished without severe application.

"Hence, all that you ever have, must be the result of labor; hard untiring labor."

"You have friends to cheer you on; you have books and teachers to aid you, and multitudes of helps. But after all, discipline and educating your mind must be your own work. No one can do this but yourself. And nothing in the world is of any worth, which has not labor and toil as its price."

"The Zephyrs of summer can but seldom breathe around you. I forsee distinctly that you will have to double Cape Horn in winter season and to grapple with the gigantic spirit of the storm, which guards the Cape, and I forsee as distinctly that it will depend entirely on your own skill and energy, whether you survive the fearful encounter and live to make a port in the mild latitudes of the Pacific."

"Set it down for a fact to which there are no exceptions, that we must labor for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing or offering to others, which costs us nothing. The first and great object of education is to discipline the mind. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies."

"He who can do this has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who cannot do it will in vain look for success in any department of study."

"Patience is a virtue kindred to attention; and without it the mind cannot be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guarantee to success."

"The student should learn to think and act for himself. True originality consists in doing things well, and doing them in your own way. A mind half educated is generally imitating others. "No man was ever great by imitation. Let it be remembered that we cannot copy greatness or goodness by any effort. We must acquire it by our own patience and diligence."

"Another object of study is to form the judgment, so that the mind an not only investigate, but weigh and balance opinions and theories. Without this, you will never be able to decide what to throw aside; what author to distrust or what opinions to receive. Some of the most laborious men and diligent readers pass through life without accomplishing anything desirable for what may be called a well-balanced judgment."

"The great instrument of affecting the world is in the mind; and no instrument is so decidedly and continually improved by exercise and use as the mine. Many seem to feel as if it were not safe to put forth all their powers at one effort. You must reserve your strength for great occasions just as you would use your horse, moderately and carefully on common occasions, but give him the spur on occasions of great emergency. This might be well were the mind, in any respect like the bones and muscles of the horse."

"You may call upon your mind to-day for its highest efforts, and stretch it to the utmost in your power, and you have done yourself a kindness. The mind will be all the better for it. To-morrow, you may do it again; and each time it will answer more readily to your call."

"But remember that real discipline of mind does not consist so much on now and then making a great effort, as in having the mind so trained that it will make constant efforts."

"The perfection of a disciplined mind is not to be able on some great contingency, to rouse up its faculties and draw out a great strength, but to have it always ready to produce a given and an equal quantity of results in a given and equal time."

Again let me say to you, that it may be deeply impressed upon your minds: as a proof of the non-necessity of daily and continued aid from others, to read the biography of the greatest Lights of learning, the most illustrious scholars; those men who did most to bring learning to its present desirable state; those who dug it out of the ruins of barbarism, from the middle ages—read attentively the ancient history of Rome, Greece and Egypt. and you will see that poets, painters, sculptors, or those engaged in the more severe and abstruse sciences of Natural Philosophy, all bowed down and worshipped at the shrine of Patience and Perseverance.

How many in the vast list of renowned names now the pride and glory of the earth? How many can we enumerate, who at the commencement had the patronage of neither king, prince, nor noble; but oft strove with the most abject poverty and surmounted difficulties made, *alone*, for noble minds.

Yes, amid every discouragement they rose to a point of excellence that caused both king and prince to bow down in homage, court and admire, value and esteem, the emenations of their fruitful minds.

"Such men lost no time—no opportunity to improve their minds."

"To make a proper use of that short and uncertain portion of time allotted us for our mortal pilgrimage, is a proof of wisdom; to use it

with economy and dispose of it with care, discovers prudence and discretion. Let, therefore, no part of your time escape without making it subservient to the wise purposes for which it was given, it is the most inestimable of all treasures. You will find a constant employment of your time condusive to your health and happiness; and not only a sure guard against the encroachments of vice, but the best recipe for contentment. Seek employment, and languor and *ennui* shall be unknown.—Avoid idleness; banish sloth; vigor and cheerfulness will be your embracing companions; admit not guilt to your hearts, and terror shall not interrupt your slumbers."

"Follow the footsteps of virtue; walk steadily in her paths, and she will conduct you through flowery and pleasant paths to the temples of peace; she will guard you from the wily snares of vice and heal the wounds of sorrow and disappointment which time may afflict."

"By being constantly and usefully employed the destroyer of mortal happiness will have but few opportunities of making his attacks, and by regularly filling up your precious moments, you will be less exposed to dangers. Venture not, then, to waste an hour, lest the next should not be yours to squander. Hazard not a single day in guilty or improper pursuits; lest the day which follows should be ordained to bring you an awful summons to the tomb; a summons to which youth and old age are equally liable."

"Reading improves the mind; and you cannot better employ a portion of your leisure time than in the pursuit of knowledge. By observing a regular habit of reading, a love of it will soon be acquired. It will prove an unceasing amusement, and pleasant resource in the hours of sorrow and discontent; an unfailing antidote against languor and indolence. Much caution is, however, necessary in the choice of books; It is among them as among human characters. Many would prove dangerous and pernicious advisers. They tend to mislead the imagination and give rise to a thousand erroneous opinions and ridiculous expectations."

"I would not, however, wish to deprive you of the pleasures of society, or of rational amusement; but let your companions be select—let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate; let your amusements be such as will tend, not to corrupt and vitiate, but to correct and amend the heart."

"Finally, I would earnestly request you never to neglect employinga portion of your time in addressing your heavenly father, in paying to him that tribute of prayer and praise which is so justly due to him as "the author of every good and perfect gift," as our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, "in whom we live, move and have our being," and "without whose blessing none of our undertakings prosper."

"Thus, by employing the time given you in the service of virtue, you will pass your days with comfort to yourself, and those around you, and by persevering to the end, shall at length obtain "a crown of glory which fadeth not away."

Let Benjamin Franklin be your guide—he who drew the lightening from on high; read attentively his history; then compare his latter years, with those of his early youth, and you will see what patience

and perseverance can do. His boyhood is an exemplification of patience, and the sublime fruits of his expanded mind, given us to taste, the engenderings of his powerful brain, always filled with god-like ideas—their results show us perseverance in its most potent form.

There is no excuse for age nor sex. It is never too late to begin, so that we begin rightly at the onset. A fear of not being able to learn is the greatest impediment in the path of the student. Remove this fear and the man of fifty is better calculated to grasp the simple elements of knowledge than a youth. The man of forty has just as good a chance to become a scholar as the lad of twenty; the grand impediment is a non-self-confidence; but you mistake the effect; it comes from a very hurtful CAUSE. You bring the objection to bear—I am too old! Education is an enterprise. Are you afraid to undertake an enterprise that you never heard of before, knowing that by accomplishing it, being told that its finale will bring to your gain a million dollars? Would you have the least fear to undertake it? Had you, in what way would it act upon that fear? In what light would you view the undertaking? How would you reason in regard to it? Why thus, most certainly it is a great undertaking; Really, I do wonder whether I shall succeed in its accomplishment? A million dollars! that's a pretty big sum to sin for, but no matter. I'll try it at any rate. I'll do my best to succeed. The mind made up, then comes the good trite saying, "there is nothing like trying." "Then would you hang your banners high on the outer wall," and to the conquest rush, with the cry of "patience and perseverance overcome all things."

Yes, some of us would gain that million were we to sell our souls; We would—we could face the eternal Demon for it; and be bold enough to attack Gibaraltar single handed were the million within it; Nor would we stop at the thought, but confidently believe ourselves able to storm Sebastapol. Aye, tear up the earth, for a million of dollars.

With just such feelings let us set about getting a little common sense, and just as sure as we do—just as sure as we come within the pale of these efforts, be we old, or be we young, the accomplishment of the, thing so really necessary for us will be attained.

He who begins his studied, at a late period in life with such feelings when the powers of reason are in full bloom, in their maturity, when the passage through life has been well seasoned by a want of Education and an opportunity to obtain it. Then whenever the opportunity presents itself, there is no excuse. Such an one can take in the essential the true ground work of knowledge and once having this, drink deeply from the flowing water of its fount, which never fail.

With the elements well digested the way is clear to tramp the varied winding footpaths to the boundless *arc* of knowledge, which is power.

At a mature age the anxious seeker views Education as he would a field, a farm or any valuable, sought to be possessed for its real use.

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Beautiful is the sight to the soul seeking to be initiated in the wonders of the Divine God; when first his footsteps touch the land of Newton, Boyle, Locke and Bacon. Aghast he stands; with emotions of ama-

zing delight he sees upon the vast extended plain of science its beauteous array of talent; its gorgeous panoply; the varied trappings of its timeworn steeds, with all the varied instrumentalities of scientific and aristic war.

A single screw is touched, and by it, to his view is brought in close conjunctive range one half the mighty worlds—from God's creative hand hurled and self dependant hanging in mighty space, there to exist till times' commenced race is run.

He sees the mighty telegraphic wire by which he sends his thought in swift reply through half Creative bound.

There he views great puissant steam, by whose command the mighty deep is cleaved as doth a man sever a branch, by its power the very oaks are made a living thing, and sent humming through the maddening tides.

To study *effectually*, there must be a fixed determination to overcome what is all lotted as a daily task. There must be a clear idea of what we are about to study; have explained with care, what we do not understand. Listen attentively, and never know more than he who instructs us, if we know less; always have a mountain of patience; for if we have not this last quality, stop studying—we labor in vain.

Dr. Watts says in regard to the true method of obtaining knowledge:

"Deeply impress your mind with the vast importance of a sound judgment and the rich and inestimable advantage of sound reasoning. Review the instances of your own misconduct in life and observe how many follies and sorrows you would have escaped, if from your early years you had taken the pains to judge rightly concerning persons, times and things. This will awaken you to the work of improving your reasoning powers and of seizing every opportunity for this end.

"Take a wide survey, now and then, of the unlimited regions of learning. Let your meditations run over the names of all the sciences, with their numerous branches and particular themes of knowledge, and then reflect with how few you are acquainted. The most learned of mortals will never find occasion to act over again what is fabled of Alexander the Great, that when he had conquered what was called the Eastern World, he wept for want of more worlds to conquer. The worlds of science are innumerable and endless."

"Read the accounts of those vast treasures of knowledge which some of the dead have possessed, and some of the living do possess, and be astonished at the almost incredible advances that have been made in science. Acquaint yourself with some persons of great learning, that, by comparing yourself with them you may acquire a just opinion of yourself—of your own attainments—and be animated with a generous and laudable emulation to equal or excel them. But, remember if, upon a few superficial acquirements, you value and exalt yourself, as though you were already learned, you are thereby erecting an impassable barrier against all improvement."

"Presume not too much upon a bright genius, a ready wit, and good parts, for these, without labor and study, will never make a man of knowledge and wisdom. Persons of a gay and vigorous fancy have often fallen into mistake. They have been acknowledged to shine in

an assembly, and sparkle in a discourse upon common topics, and therefore, have resolved to abandon reading and study; but, when they had lost their vivacity of animal nature and youth, they became stupid and sottish, even to contempt and ridicule. It is by meditation and studious thought that gives good sense even to the best genius."

"Exercise your reason and judgment upon all you read; for, if your learning be a mere accumulation of what others have written, without due penetration into the meaning, and a judicious choice and determination of your own sentiments, your head has little better title to true knowledge than the shelves of your library."

"Do not be suddenly taken upon the surfaces of things, or with mere appearances, for this will fill the mind with errors and prejudices, and give it an ill habit of thinking; but penetrate into the depth of matters as far as your time and circumstances will allow."

"Once a day, especially in the early years of life and study, examine what new ideas you have gained, and what advances you have made in any part of knowledge, and let no day, if possible, pass without some intellectual gain. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagoreans that they should, every evening, run thrice over the actions and affairs of the day, and examine what their conduct had been, what they had done, and what they had neglected; assured that, by this method, they would make a rapid progress in the path of knowledge and virtue."

THE ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

"Temperance promotes clearness and vigor of intellect. If the functions of the brain be not in a healthy and vigorous state, equally unhealthy and inefficient must be those of the mind. History will bear me out in asserting, that the highest and most successful intellectual efforts have ever been associated with the practice of those general principles of temperance in diet for which I plead."

"It is the mighty minds that have grappled most successfully with the demonstrations of mathematical, intellectual and moral science, that stand highest on the scale of mental acumen and power; and it is such minds that have found strict temperance in diet essential to their success. Let us advert to the history of a few of the master-spirits of the human race."

"Foremost on the list stands Sir Isaac Newton. The treatise of his that cost him the mightiest intellectal effort of all his works, was composed while the body was sustained by bread and water alone. And, in spite of the wear and tear of such protracted and prodigious mental labor as his, that same temperance sustained him to his eighty-fifth year"

"The celebrated John Locke, with a feeble constitution, outlived the term of three-score years and ten by his temperance. To his temperate mode of life, too, he was probably indebted for the increase of those intellectual powers that gave us his incomparable work on the human understanding, his treatises on government and education, as well as his other writings, which do so much honor to his memory."

"Another intellectual philosopher, who saw four-score years, was the venerable Kant. 'By his commendable and healthy practice of early

rising,' says his biographer, 'daily exercise on foot, temperance in eating and drinking, constant employment and cheerful company, he protracted his life to this advanced period,' and, we may add, acquired the power for his immense labors of mind."

"Few men have more fully established their claims to intellectual superiority of a very high grade, than President Edwards; but it was temperance alone that could carry him through such powerful mental efforts. Though constitutionally tender, by the rules of temperance he enjoyed good health, and was enabled to pursue his studies thirteen hours a-day."

"The same means enabled Martin Luther, though his days were stormy in the extreme, to make the moral world bend at his will, and to leave his posterity so many profound literary productions. 'It often happened,' says his biographer, 'that, for several days and nights, he locked himself up in his study, and took no other refreshment than bread and water, that he might the more uninterruptedly pursue his labors.'"

"The records of English jurisprudence contain scarcely a name more distinguished than that of Sir Mathew Hale. And it is the testtmony of history that "his decided piety and rigid temperance laid him open to the attacks of ridicule, but he could not be moved." In eating and drinking, he observed not only great plainness and moderation; but lived so philosophically, that he always ended his meal with an appetite.

Perhaps no man accomplishes more for the world than he who writes such a commentary on the Scriptures, as that Mathew Hale. And it is, indeed, an immense literary labor. But the biographer's account of writer's habits shows that temperance and diligence were the secret of his success."

"Few men have accomplished more than John Wesley; and it is gratifying to learn that it was extraordinary temperance which gave him the power to do so much, and to live so long."

"In reading the works of Milton, we are not so much delighted with the play of imagination as with the rich and profound, though sometimes exceedingly anomalous views, which he opens before us. The fact is, he was a man of powers, and attainments so great as justly to be classed among the leading intellects of this generation. Nor were such powers and attainments disjoined from temperance."

"Europe, as well as America, has been filled with the fame of Franklin, and no less wide spread is the history of his temperance. Early in life, he adopted a vegetable diet; and thus he not only gained time for study, but "I made the greater progress," says he, "from the greater clearness of head, and quickness of apprehension, which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." The habit of being contented with little, and disregarding the gratifications of the palate, remained with him through life" * * * * * *

What has been said in regard to education is applicable to both sexes;

"The *fair sex* ought just as much to cultivate the sciences, or at least such of them as appertain to a useful education, as we who are of

rougher cast. In all christian countries they do it; they are not, as you are here, continually playing *rub, rub, rub*, in the washing-tub, and at *bang, bang, bang*, over the ironing table. California will not always be as you now see it. Think of this and tell me why not cease this wide difference between you and your like on the other side of the land. Tell me why is this wide difference? Are you poorer than they? They, with all their heavy family cares find time to become thoroughly educated, and in many instances, are known to carry off the prize that their husbands, poor geniuses, can never win.

The more intelligent a woman is, the more she is respected, the more appreciated—and she has a better guard to shield her virtue from pollution's sway.

Do not believe that things can always exist as they now are here, in regard to your educational value. By and by, men will seek you, not for your money, but for the amount of common sense you are gifted with. I speak to the widow ladies. Your daughters having good, mother-wit, well cultivated, well know how to appreciate talent, discountenance pretending fops, and win an honest man for his real worth.

Here is an axiom; that in all countries where men are reasonable, discerning, and educated,—great scholars, if not infatuated by the evil one, seek for the sharer of their cares and toils, a woman, as nearly as possible of the same congeniality as they can; for such an one helps to comfort, and lightens the burden of life's weary pilgrimage.

Now, a woman may be very beautiful to the view, respectable, and even as rich as a queen; but without education, she is no companion for a scholar—she cannot sympathise with her husband.

A woman may be a good thrifty housewife, just as cunning as mother eve; packed from the very crown of her head to the soles of her feet with pure mother-*wit*; but if it be not modified by education—if filled with useless precepts, she cannot be anything but a perfect *bore*—continually prattling about everything but her duty, because her mind is like chaos at the beginning of creation.

Woman was never made to be the drudge of man. She is made with too fine feeling to be the rack horse of a lazy heap of human bones; and the man who suffers himself to be fed and bedded at his wife's expense, is human but in form. The good, the kind, the generous-hearted wife, is worth more than her weight in gold; for mid sorrows' trying storm, midst life's incumbent toil; 'mid poverty, and when life's last taper burns, the faithful woman ne'er succumbs, but with her ever watchful eye, looks upward, and bids the partner of her cares to hope for a future's dawn of sweet relief. Yes, woman, how great thy comfort in affliction's morn; yet, how fearful are the charms—how hapless thy boon of love when vice triumphant reigns thy queen* * *

Every man should adapt his studies to his inclination. If he wishes to be a merchant, let him understand well, spelling, reading, writing, geography and history. These branches will enable him to do any mercantile business. *Comme il faut.*

If he wishes to be a statesman, let him with the aforesaid branches, study logic, chronology, jurisprudence, and above all, cultivate eloquence, which is essentially his forte.

ELOQUENCE.

"That I may not stand alone, in my views on the subject of general eloquence, I will give the language of those able statesmen of our country, John Adams and Daniel Webster. Mr. Adams remarked:—Oratory, as it consists in the expression of the countenance, graces of attitude and motion, and intonation of voice although it is altogether superficial and ornamental, will always command admiration, yet, deserves little veneration.

"Flashes of wit, corruscations of imagination and gay pictures, what are they? Strict truth, vapid reason, a pure integrity, are the only essential ingredients in oratory. I flatter myself, that Demosthenes by his action, action, action, means to express the same opinion."

Mr. Webster observes—"When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are qualities that produce connection.

"The graces taught in schools, the courtly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the lives of their wives and children hang on the decision of an hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is in vain, and elaborate oratory contemptible. Then even genius feels rebuked and subdued as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent—then self-devotion is eloquent."

"Rhetoric as taught in our seminaries, and by itinerant elocutionists is one thing; genuine, heart thrilling, soul-stirring eloquence is a very different thing. The one is like the rose in wax without odor; the other like the rose on its native bush, perfuming the atmosphere with rich odors distilled from the dew of heaven."

"The one is the finely finished statue of a Cicero or Demosthenes more perfect in its liniaments than the original; pleasing the eye and enrapturing the imagination; the other is the living man animated by intellectual power, rousing the deepest feelings of every heart, and electrifying every soul as with vivid lightning. The one is a picture of the passions all on fire; the other is the real conflagration; pouring out a volume of words that burn like liquid flames bursting from the crater of a volcano. The one attracts the admiring gaze and tickles the fancy of an audiance; the other sounds an alarm that vibrates through the tingling ears to the soul and drives back the rushing blood upon the aching heart. The one falls upon the multitude like April showers glittering in the sunbeams, animating and bringing nature into mellow life; the other rouses the same mass to deeds of noble daring, and imparts to it the terrific force of an avalanche."

"The one moves the cerebral foliage in waves of recumbent beauty like a gentle wind passing over a prairie of tall grass and flowers: the other strikes a blow that resounds through the wilderness of mind, like rolling thunder through a forest of oaks. The one fails when strong commotions and angry elements agitate the public peace: the other can ride upon a whirlwind, direct the tornado and rule the storm."

ELOQUENCE, HISTORY AND LOGIC ARE THE BEAUTIFUL IN POLITE LITERATURE.

"The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds: it amuses the fancy, improves the understanding, and strengthens virtue. In reality, what entertainment is there more agreeable to the mind than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences?"

"What is more pleasant than to see the policy of government and civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing that is ornamental to human life advancing toward perfection?—than to mark the rise and progress—declension and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contribute to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin?"

"In short, to see all the human race from the beginning of time past, as it were in review before us appearing in their true colors without any of those disguises weich, during their life-time, so much perplex the judgment of the beholders, what spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting."

"What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling past times which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!"

"But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and, indeed, a great part of what we commonly call education, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country along with the histories of Greece and Rome."

"But I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials for most of the sciences, and, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life and our limited knowledge of what passes even in our own days, we must be sensible, that we should be forever children in understanding were it not for this invention which extends our experience to all past ages and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom as if they had actually been under our observation."

"A man acquainted with history may in some respects be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century."

"There is also an advantage in knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learnad by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the more delicate sentiments of virtue."

"But I think it a remark worthy of the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been almost without exception the true

friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colors however they may have erred in their judgments about particular persons. Nor is this combination of historians in favor of virtue at all difficult to be accounted for."

"History keeps in a just medium betwixt the extremes and places objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as readers are sufficiently interested in the characters and events to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and at the same time have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment."

If you have a taste for the abstractly sublime and laborious, study astronomy and mathematics; and school yourself well in all the various sciences. Mathematics which is the science of quantity, however considered, is the great aid to astronomy; with its help we are able, as it were to weigh the universe in a balance; find each star, sun or comet, motion or position for ages to come. Construct ships, build houses, level the highways, measure mountains of Himmaleh height, and cable the very ocean. Oh that you could know the wondrous secrets of this science of sciences.

"The study of astronomy must have been coeval with the existence of man; for there is no natural being who has, for the first time, lifted up his eyes to the nocturnal sky, and beheld the moon, walking in brightness, amid the planetary orbs and hosts of stars, but must have been struck with admiration and wonder at the splendid scene, and excited, to inquiries into the nature and destination of those far-distant orbs, compared with the splendor, the amplitude, the august motions, and the ideas of infinity, which the celestial vault presents, the most resplendent terrestrial scenes sink into inanity, and appear unworthy of being set in competition with the glories of the sky."

"When, on a clear autumnal evening, after sunset, we take a serious and attentive view of the celestial canopy; when we behold the moon, displaying her brilliant crescent in the western sky; the evening star, gilding the shades of night; the planets, moving in their several orbs; the stars, one after another, emerging from the ethereal blue, and gradually lighting up the firmanent, till it appears all over spangled with a brilliant assemblage of shining orbs; and, particularly, when we behold one cluster of stars gradually descending below the western horizon, and other clusters emerging from the east, and ascending in unison the canopy of heaven; when we contemplate the whole celestial vault, with all the shining orbs it contains, moving in silent grandeur, like one vast concave sphere around this lower world, and the place on which we stand, such a scene naturally leads a reflecting mind to such inquiries as these: Whence come those stars which are ascending in the east?—Whither have those gone which have disappeared in the west?"

"What becomes of the stars during the day, which are seen at night? Is the motion which appears in the celestial vault real, or does a motion in the earth itself cause this appearance? What are those immense numbers of shining orbs which appear in every part of the sky? Are they mere studs or tapers, fixed in the arch of heaven, or are they bodies of an immense size and splendor?"

"Do they shine with borrowed light, or with their own native lus-

tre? Are they placed only a few miles above the region of the clouds, or at immense distances beyond the range of human comprehension? Can their distance be ascertained? Can their bulk be computed? By what laws are these meteors regulated? And what purposes are they destined to subserve in the great plan of the Universe? These, and similar questions, it is the great object of astronomy to resolve, as far as human mind has been enabled to prosecute the path of discovery."

In order to be a good theoretical and practical mechanic, a natural philosopher, a man must apply himself diligently to the study of natural philosophy; and understand well all the various properties of matter—its extension, impenetrability, divisibility, porosity, compressibility, indestructibility and attraction.

He must be very familiar with the laws of motion, centre of gravity, and the principles of machinery.

He must understand hydrostatics, or the science of water, the pressure of fluids, specific gravity, motion of fluids, and all the wonderful properties combined in water.

He must understand pneumatics, or the doctrine of the pressure of elastic fluids—their properties—the air-pump, common pump, syphon, barometer, condenser, fire-engine, steam and all its properties, and the steam-engine.

He must be able to demonstrate the general objects of the science of meteorology, or the philosophy of the atmosphere; extent, density, and temperature of the atmosphere; its relation to water, to heat, to fiery meteors.

Acoustics, or the science of sound, is also his to demonstrate. Vibratory motion, velocity of sound, reflexion of sound, musical sounds, acoustic, or sound tubes, stethescope.

Electricity is the seventh science with which he must be familiar.—It treats of conductors and non-conductors, attractions and repulsions, electrical machines, Leyden jar, electric light and heat, thunder-storms, lightning-rods, and the effects of electricity.

Then he must know everything respecting magnetism—of its attractive and directive properties; variation of the compass, the needle, and its rectification for its dip, and the modes of making magnets.

And, to conclude his apprenticeship, he ought to be a good optician, knowing everything respecting the theory of light—its reflexion and refraction—of colors, vision, the microscope and telescope.

This is the duty of one who wishes to be a natural philosopher, and a master-mechanic.

Whoever has a taste for the beautiful, alone, and not the really useful, should confine himself strictly to the fine arts: music, painting, drawing, sculpture, and poetry. Such an one should do nothing else as regards educating himself; for, with a dislike for the useful, he cannot become scientific, and, therefore, he would make a bad workman should he enter the workshop of science. But mind, that in order to become a proficient, worth notoriety, in any one of the aforesaid branches, you must, and have to labor in just the same way as you would to get any other education, hence it is cheaper to prefer the useful to the agreeable.

I do not say we must not cultivate a taste for the beautiful; for, if

we reflect, "in looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments, the sense, or perception, of beauty. We see the germs of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits of greater cultivation—and why should it not be cherished by all? It deserves remark, that the provision of this principle is infinite in the Universe."

There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or the gratification of the body, but the whole creation, may be used to minister to the sense of beauty—beauty is an all pervading presence. It unfodls the numberless flowers of the spring.—It waves in the branches of the trees and blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea; and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone."

"And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains,—the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and the setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The Universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side."

"Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men living in the midst of it, almost as blind to it, as if, instead of fair earth, and glorious sky, they were living in a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment."

"Suppose I were to visit a cottage, and to see the walls lined with the choicest pictures of Rafael and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman nor child, ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation. How should I want to open their eyes and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice."

"But, every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a Divine artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression!

I have spoken only of the beauty of Nature; but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this then Natural and fit attire."

"Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries, this is the cheapest and most at hand."

"What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But, one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul."

"There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind to himself; but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute."

"Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance in society; and not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thonghts."

"We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer by every effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this; that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance."

"A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect, or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language."

ARTS.

"It is often said that the arts cannot flourish in a Republic; and this is said in the face of such examples as Athens and republican Rome.—But why can they not? I ask if want of patronage is the reason usually assigned; but let there be intelligence and refinements among a people, and the patronage of the arts must follow; and is it not safer thus to trust the encouragement of the arts to the intelligence and free competition of a whole people, than to a few individuals, kings or princes?

"Would not a generous artist rather take an intelligent people for his patron, than a king? May not the fine arts, in this respect, be subjected to the same ordeal as literature? We have wealth enough, we have intelligence in America, and I am willing to rely upon these for the inevitable consequence."

"It would be sad, indeed, if the allegation were true that the arts could not flourish in a republic. For it is precisely in a republic that they are wanted to complete the system of social influences. It is a mistake into which novices fall—suppose that the arts are unfavorable to morality. In fact, the fine arts have usually been the handmaids of virtue and religion. More than half of the great paintings in the world are illustrative of religious subjects; and embracing mythology, in this account more than half the statues are of the same character."

"And to refer to kindred arts, architecture, too, has built its noblest structures for religion, and music has composed its sublimest strains for the sanctuary. Genius, indeed, that inspiration from heaven, has al-

ways shown its descent from above by this direction of its labors. The introduction of the arts into our country, then, is not to be dreaded on the score of morality. Is it not on every account gr·atly to be desired? The most material deficiency among us, perhaps next to the want of virtue, is likely to be the want of refinement."

"There is need among us of objects that kindle up admiration and enthusiasm; that awaken the sense of delight and wonder; that break up the habits of petty calculation and sordid interest, and breathe a liberal and generous soul into the people; and this need, the arts would supply. The author of nature has shown that it was not beneath his care to provide for the gratification of sentiments precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts."

"The world, composed of hill and dale, mountam and valley; not one boundless plowed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one somber suitéd color; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence. Such a world, the dwelling of nations, the school of their discipline the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness; of elegance, benificence, beauty and sublimity."

"Poetry, of all the Arts, to us seems most divine;

for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and most sublime in human nature, we mean of that thirst or aspiration to which no mind is wholly a stranger for something purer and lovlier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords."

"In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being there must be creative energies, powers of original and even growing thought, and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new,' for the gratification of a divine instinct.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble."

"In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with christianity that is to spiritualize our nature. True poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and, even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation."

"Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape an immoral work and show how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of soul."

"It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, bet they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purposes, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion.

"It reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of youthful feeling; revives the relish for simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderness and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympatties over all classes of society; knits us by new ties, with universal being; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on future life."

Hence the sublimity of poetry; the gracefulnees of seulpture; the beauties of painting and the melody of music all are useful when properly appreciated, not as things upon which we are to waste our precious time, to be wholly absorbed in them, leaving our incumbent and more immediate dutles to seek their own welfare.

These were given to us by our Maker as enjoyments to be properly appreciated, and if we do so we show our gratefulness to him who has given us that which the brute has not.

ODE.

1. When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Makers wrath—
An angel left her place in Heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.

2. Twas art! Sweet Art new radience bro't
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
The curse a blessing shall be found.

3. She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide's sunbeams never blaze,
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.

4. Earth's thousand tribes of living things
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to Heaven.

5. In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.

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We have now taken a cursory view of knowledge. We have seen the means by which it is to be obtained, and we shall now say a few words in regard to its application to ourselves; but, before we begin this subject let me say, that we must remember that, in all our searching for it, in all our getting, let us remember the Bible, a clear understanding of one single sentence of its sublime truths is worth more than all the knowledge that science can unfold. Yes, worth more than Newton knew.

"The highest eulogy that we can pronounce upon this book of books is, to take it for the man of our counsel, and the pole-star of our lives; not merely to admit and laud its superior excellency, and let it remain on the shelf until anathema maranatha, can be written in the dust upon its lids and criminally neglecting to aid in giving it to the millions who are groping in heathen darkness."

"Divine in its origin, written by the pen of inspiration, dipped in the burning indignation of God against the wicked on one hand, and in the melting fountain of his love for the good, on the other; the sublimity

of its language caps the climax of rhetoric; as a history of that grand epoch, when God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' It stands alone clothed in the Majesty of Divinity!"

"As a chronicle of the creation of man after the moral image of Deity, of his ruinous fall, and of his subsequent mad career, it must remain unrivalled. As a chart of human nature, and of human rights and wrongs, and of the character of the great Jehovah, its delineations, in precision, fullness and force of description, far exceed the boldest strokes and finest touches of the master-spirits of every age and clime."

"As a system of morals and religion, every effort of man to add to its transcendent, beauty or omnipotent strength is presumption, and as vain as an attempt to bind the wind, or imprison the ocean. As a book of poetry and eloquence, it stands in lofty grandeur towering above the noblest productions of the most brilliant talents that have illumined and enraptured the classic world."

"As a book of revelation, it shed a flood of light upon the wilderness of mind, that added fresh lustre and refulgence to those of reason, philosophy, and science, which had guided mankind to that auspicious, glorious era, when it burst upon the astonished world. As a book of counsel, its wisdom is profound, boundless, infinite. It meets every case in time, and is the golden chain that reaches from earth to heaven."

"It teaches us our native dignity, the design of our creation, the duties we owe to our God, to ourselves, our families, our parents, our children, and our fellow-men."

It arms the Christian in panoply complete; snatches from death its poisoned sting, from the grave its boasted victory, and points the soul to its crowning glory, a blessed immortality beyond the skies."

This is the Bible, and now let us see what is our duty to ourselves.

In the first place, I say it is absolutely binding upon us to get knowledge—all the knowledge we can attain to; our Maker expects us to do so; and I cannot see what more proof we want than that in the Divine Writ, which says that each of us is made but a very little lower than the angels.

We have this duty to perform in order to do justice to God our Common Father, and, at the same time, benefit ourselves. He will require his talent from each one of us with usury. You think and say, the less you know the less will be required of you. Undeceive yourselves. Your Maker says, crush not the germ; stifle not reason.

Our Father in Heaven has no respect to color. If you will not improve your talent, because your are black, and cannot aspire to an equality with the white, it will be but a poor reason to give God. If this be your reason—if you stop short because the white man says no; nevertheless, He who knows no No, expects a good account of your stewardship. The truth is, the white man is doing nothing to you. It is you who are doing harm to yourselves. Reflect a moment, and see if this is not the truest expression that I have ever uttered in all my life.—God never made one man to be the dupe of another.

ORGANIZATION.

We are not differently, mentally or physically, constituted from the white. We are a race distinct in color, but made by the same hand

that made the white. We differ from him only on account of his superiority in knowledge.

It has been discussed and re-discussed, and the proof has been plainly elicited in the positive, that we are men. This is the conclusion of the greatest and wisest anatomists of the present age, and it is also the declaration of the Divine Being.

Therefore, the organic structure of the black being the same as that of the white, he is physically the latter's equal, and he may be intellectually so.

In theory, I am aware that this is generally denied by the white; but, in practice, it is evidently asserted by him.

To prove the latter assertion clearly, we see that in any case, where the black is to be punished for offences against the white, or against the community in general, he is made to undergo the same class of punishments due to the white, who may commit the same crime for which the black is arraigned. In plain, the laws instituted by the white to coerce his fellow white are used to afflict the black. Now, why not have different forms of punishment, a punishment coincident with the black organization? Here the white man's theory falls to the ground, a baseless fabric; and falling, we save from the ruins the palpable evidences. That he believes that the black man can be made to and does suffer the same pain, has the same sympathy, and same love of country, as the white man himself. This last assertion is a California fact, which we have seen fully exemplified in the case of the anti-emigrationists. I do not wish to excite any emigration feelings. I merely recur to the example, by way of exposition. Every man has his hobby.

But to return. I say, then, the white man practically admits the mental equality of the black, by the fact that, when the white requires the aid of the latter, as an accessory to any work or occupation, the former reasons with him in the same way as if black were white.

The black's organization must be the same, from the fact that he is affected by the same diseases, and his sickness is modified by the same circumstances.

Thus we see that the white practically admits our equality, notwithstanding all his theoretical sophisms. What more do we want?

This last assertion issues from the point that ought to be assumed as the point upon which your future position is to be determined in the world. It sets aside your old established notions of retrogressive progress, that your advancement is deterred because of your physical and mental inferiority to the white. We are equal to him in all save the cultivated mind; therefore, we have need of improvement, intellectually, to compete with him artificially.

We were not made to be governed by him—we were not made to be subject to him. We were made free moral agents—made that each and every one might govern himself, give an account of himself, and suffer for himself and not for each other.

Now, I say to you, if we cannot be moved by our own necessity, let us be moved by example. Let us take a view of the unparalleled progress made by the white man of this century. It ought to awaken our desire, and excite our attention to equal him, at every cost,

so that he may see, beyond a doubt or chance of denial—that he may see, as in a mirror, clearly—that, though he is skillful in finding out the hidden secrets of nature and detecting sophistry by the fineness and clearness of his reasoning, that we also are fully able to meet him half-way—appreciate, understand, and demonstrate faithfully to him the little intricacies of his daily life.

Why shall we, of this State, not seek this equality, that shall enable us to come out triumphant?

It is not necessary for me to expatiate on the progress made within the last thirty years, by our brethren in the North Atlantic States. In the theory and practice of education, and moral reform, great has been their progress. But I must say, there is a great lack of both among us.

The moral and educational difference between the rising genertion and that of our forefathers, is very great. We cannot but admit that every generation decreases *bodily*, in proportion to its increase in wisdom!

There was much more morality with the latter, and but little education, whilst, with us, it has been different. With us, morality is a harp that every man touches to the tune of a thousand discordant sounds.

We, as a people, in this State, have no enterprise in comparison with those in the Atlantic cities. It is true, there are, among us a few business men, struggling against the tide upon their own raft: but the greater portion of us occupy menial positions.

We met in Sacramento, last year, and drew up a packing-box full of resolutions relative to our general welfare; but, as I have never seen "any good come out of Nazareth," I conclude they must have died very suddenly—perhaps, in their infancy—not four-and twenty hours old.—We are notorious for beginning with the never-ending machine!

The white man has a right to say all he does about us. We are continually encouraging him to wrong us. He is sick of us. He does not want us to be following him wherever he goes. He did not ask us to follow him to California. After he had killed the Indian and the wild bear, here come we. I don't know but we got it down right that time. I believe we are naturally afraid of old grizzly! After he has secured all the land and tilled it, and, very rightly now reaping the reward of his toil, here come we: Brother, where is my share? Adams & Co. have it. So you see you got it down wrong that time. Next mail I'll send it to you through the post, Eh!

He asks us to go to Sonora and clear the way for him, (it's our turn now,) and if we get nicely settled there and dont want him to be *a follerin' us*—keep him away.

Oh no brother, can't do that; can't emigrate. But how did you get here? Oh pshaw, we did'nt emigrate; we only migrated! *que bueno!* No indeed honey, I did'nt emigrate. I just *veni, vidi, vici.* What audacity! After being fortified by sloth nearly two hundred years we have the impudence to get angry when we are told that we are not worth our salt. What do you want the world to say? To flatter you? Will, you make people take an affidavit of your being awake when you are asleep, run along, and see if it don't come true that you really are so sure enough. Let me tell you that to flatter you, is to do you an

injustice—the only and best thing that you can do is to study the white man and see how he has gained his influence over you;—only by his superiority in the progress of his knowledge—be wise in time and take this matter into deep consideration. We must study the character of this Mr. Influence. Yes we must study the influence of

SUPERIOR MINDS, THAT WE MAY SHAKE OFF OUR INERTNESS.

"It belongs to cultivated men to construct and put in motion, and divide the complex machinery of civil society. Who originated these free institutions, the arteries through which the life blood of our country's prosperity circulates. Who built and rocked the cradle of American liberty and guarded the infant angel, until she walked forth in the vigor of a glorious maturity? Whom do we welcome to the helm of state, when the storm of faction beats, or dark clouds hang about the heavens? Who speak trumpet-tongued to a nation's rights? Who holds the scales of equity measuring out a portion both to the just and unjust? Are they men who have been nursed in the lap of ignorance, or are they not rather your great and cultivated minds; your Franklin's, Madison's and Adams's; and your Kent's, Spencer's and Story's?

"And then again, who framed that social system, if system it could be called, which exploded in the horrors of the French revolution; sporting with times hallowed associations and unsealing all the fountains of blood? Think you that ignorance was the presiding genius in that war of elements? Oh no; the master spirits had, many of them been known as standard bearers in the Empire of letters; they partook of at once the strength of the angel and the depravity of the fiend; and, as in these opposite cases that I have mentioned, so it is always every where; men with cultivated minds will ultimately have the power whether they use it in the sport of a lofty patriotism or pervert it to do homage to faction and tear society in pieces."

Hence we have seen the power of superior minds—how it effects a people: it either perverts or ameliorates their condition: we have seen that the leading elements of a prosperous condition is wisdom; hence we have the basis of all power and moral worth.

LITERARY MEN HAVE A DUTY TO PERFORM TO THEIR COUNTRY.

"We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent." And what is our country? Is it not the East with her mills and her valleys,—with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores? Is it not the north with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lake and ocean."

"Is it not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri? Nor is it yet the South, opulent in mimic show of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane and in the golden robes of the rice field. What are these but the sister families of one great, better, holier family—our country. I came not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot statesman.

"I come a patriot scholar to indicate the rights and to plead for the interests of American literature, and be assured, that we cannot, as patriotic scholars think to highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her, and let us never forget; let us rather remember with a religious awe, that the union of these States is as indispensable to our literature as it is to our national happiness, independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, and improvement."

"If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies and all the horrors of the battle-field, the devastation of the harvest and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities; if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den; if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean should blush with the blood of brothers; if we desire that these and such as these, the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world, should be the elements of our literature; then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our union, and scatter its fragments over all our land."

"But if we covet for our country the noblest, the purest, lovliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind; a literature whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek;" then let us cling to the union of these States with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holo-caust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, christian people. American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that among her garden of paradise."

We see then, that the duty of literary men to their country is very great, and as they send forth their doctrines to guide the masses, they should be careful to think rightly and act wisely for the public good.

Upon each one of us devolves the duty to be a good citizen, therefore, "Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object."

"We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us."

"Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of

mprovement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and he works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land—call forth its powers—build up its institutions—promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these thirty-one States are our country."

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument; not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of LIBERTY, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

In order to be a good citizen, we must remember that decisive integrity is one of the constituent elements of civil society.

"The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven; while he who is conscious of secret and dark designs which if known would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him."

"Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuits, but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exciting alacrity with him who feels at every step that he is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means. The clear unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart and the firm elastic step, belong to him who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right."

"Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him."

"Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve the character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use the phrase "honest men" in the narrow sense merely of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this, the common pride of every gentleman will constrain you to do."

"I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self

and substitutes in their place, a bolder, loftier and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born not so much for self, as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion, sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously." * * * * * * * *

It is indeed true that we as a people have no national character?—We had in ages past, but alas I fear it is forever lost!

"The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman Empire; an Empire recarrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extingished forever."

"Her mouldering temples, the vestages of her former grandeur, affords a shelter to her muttering Monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and enquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken ken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields."

"Place their example before you. Let the spark of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your *liberty* crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will be more energetic; our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of a man—I am an African.

THE DUTY OF THIS COUNTRY TO US IS VERY GREAT.

We are its sons and daughters; we are not *foreigners*. We ought to be cherished by our common mother; But no—Need we hope so much? She cares not for us. She will not own us. She will not grant the right; though we are her first-born. She has taken to her bosom the stranger's child, and given our heritage unto him! Oh my mother, I tremble for thy fate! thou art deceived. In thy days of sorrow, as age doth gently twine his golden chain around thee, when thy adopted children, fed by our hand and clad by our toil, shall leave the lonely and weary to wander o'er the ruins of Rome and Babylon once like the proud empires of the world—then wilt thou think with deep regret o'er all the wrongs and sufferings, heaped by thee, on those who cherished and wept o'er thee when thou didst weep, and watched thee through poverty's trying time, and raised thee to the pinacle of thy high renown from whence thou art falling. Yes thou wilt not—canst not then forget thy NEGRO child. * * * * * * *

And now friends and countrymen where'er ye are upon this favored soil, let me win you to wisdom's ways—"ways of pleasantness and paths of peace." Let me deeply impress upon your minds the value of knowledge. How many of you are there who this very moment feel the real necessity for it.

Knowing this and feeling it so forcibly and so keenly yourselves, think of your little ones, and let no opportunity slip to educate them.

Lay aside, for God's sake, for their sake, your foolish prejudices in regard to teachers—why shall your animosities be their degradation?—Prejudice makes us fools—it knows no bounds: do not cherish it any longer—do you not see to what it is bringing us? It blinds us to our real necessities. Send your children to whatever school there may be for them, though scanty its means, better let them get a little if not as much as you really desire. When they are at school, they must necessarily imbibe some of the principles of knowledge intuitively, which, when they shall become of a thinking turn, will enable them to fix their attention advantageously; and also enable them to make rapid progress. The old saying "better is a half loaf than no bread," can never be applied more seriously than in this present instance. Embrace every opportunity to give them a knowledge of the path to wisdom, virtue and religion. Tell them that in order to become scholars they must not think that because they do not learn all to-day they never will know anything. But tell them, that say the world what it may, we respect riches, but that it does not and never can hold the superiority over wisdom. Wisdom teaches us to get dollars; but dollars never taught men to get wisdom.

Say to your sons that, in order to be respected by England, honored by France, and feared by the United States, they must get wisdom.

Tell your daughters that knowledge is not passing; but that beauty fades away.

Let us help them to get knowledge. I now advocate their cause.—Four thousand Colored people in this State! and yet, we cannot have a single acre of ground to build a school-house we can call our own, worthy of so rich a Colored population as is in California. By-and-by, when the State shall overflow with your little ones, you will be sorry that you have prepared for them no more than primary progress.—By-and-by, when your "white brother" shall have taken up every site and piece of land calculated for an Oberlin, then you will begin to think of buying from him at such a rate that it will require your united contributions for fifty years to come, in order to pay off the debt, and get a clear title to your own. There is one thing certain you must do, if you ever wish to become enlightened, encourage God's servants. I am really astonished to know that, in this State, where gold is found to overflowing—where you have churches, just for the sake of saying they are yours—just for the sake of boasting that you are Christians, God-seeking people—I say I am astonished, that I am obliged to preach to you in behalf of your ministers' welfare. Do you think that they can live upon the winds. Do you think they ought to preach for nothing?—Must they not eat, and drink, and support their families decently.—Does their education cost them nothing? Must they not study, in order to be able to teach you. Ought a minister to be a working man? Weigh these questions, and say, if they do not deserve a subsistence at your hands. Encourage them, I say, encourage them that they may labor for you as become men of God. Do not make them rich men, but let them live. Five dollars a month for preaching three times a day! For shame! Unless you do support and encourage literary men among you, depend upon it, you will never know anything more at the day

of your death than you do now. Who shall watch over your welfare, if it is not the church, and well-educated men?

Thank God, the people, in some parts, begin to appreciate the value of knowledge. Thank God, the people—a small portion—in this the Bay City, are awakening to a sense of their utter degradation. And I say, in their behalf, that we mean to see if we cannot, this year to come, rise superior to every difficulty, which has heretofore been a stumbling-block to our improvement.

We do not mean to encourage any longer a sham elevation. We are actually down on this "all talk and no cider" scheme, and with the help of gospel teachings and literary talent, we mean to defy the triumphs of Know-Nothing Democracy. Hear what I say, "That every man to be a Reformer, must be an honest, non-selfish, virtuous man, and that any other cannot be, and is not fit to be, a leader of morality and enlightenment.

In regard to a school, I tell you now is the time. Secure the land, and build you a literary institute, and I can assure you that you will, with no trouble, find those who will put within its walls everything necessary to the commencement and accomplishment of a thorough education for the rising generation of tawny youths.

But I suppose I am talking in vain. You may as well dig, and leave them heaps of gold, which is better than wisdom! Yes, so says Solomon!—but backwards!

You say, what matters it, whether they be born free and intelligent, or not, so long as they are rich. You will find that out by-and-by.—What matters it whether they know A from B, so long as they have dollars enough—this is very unsound and insane logic. So long as they are brought up in vulgar aristocratic pride—so long as they are wrapped in robes of purple and fine linen, straight-collared shirts, hung with jewels and precious stones, and wear their hoops *a la balloon*, trundling them in grandeur through the streets, disdaining every honest man, and wise in self-conceit, filled to the very brim with impudence and ignorance, cursing their parents, mocking God, patronizing the theatres, dram-shops, dance-houses, wigwams of ill-fame, and gambling-houses, where the wicked cease not from trouble, and the weary are never at rest. What matters it? I will tell you: God will hold you accountable for their evil ways. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I know this to be a candid fact, and if called by my Maker as a witness to this, I would heartily respond in favor of the Divine truth.

The well educated colored man is feared by the white—the monied colored man is respected by him—both self-evident facts.

To the monied colored man without sense, says brother White, lend to-day, I'll pay to-morrow. O, si senor, take it, I'm not in need of this, (just when he most needs it) pay me when you please. Yes, and the white man takes him at his word, don't he? Now I ask you to answer me candidly for once.

But let us see the other phase of the moon. How does friend W. & Co. get along with Mr. B., the lettered man.

Why, he attempts none of his Jacobs', the Wizzard's moves; with Mr. intelligent B., Mr. W. finds his Hic, Hoc, Presto, change and begone, as ineffectual as has been his attempts to bring the dead to life. In this case he don't say to brother B., I'll keep your money and your property safer than you can yourself. No. 2 is first. Here brother W. cannot blind his dark brother with his false signature to a note of sixty days; because with the latter, one day with him is as a thousand years to brother White; or more plainly, by the Rule of Three, as the $1,000 that brother White asked me for to-day, is to my will to lend it to him, so is a thousand years to my answer. This is the rule that the Chinamen work by in their own country, when a white man wants to borrow money from them. Hence they are wiser than we who call them Pagans.

What do you think of China, with a population of 200,000,000 souls, one quarter of the whole number of souls on this earth? I will guarantee that every ten in twelve of this vast multitude can read and write. And here we are a population of 4,000; but how many of us can read and write? About one to every dozen; and to every 4,000 of us, not one single SCHOLAR! This is a pretty conclusion, but it is nevertheless true.

But you may say we are excusable—we have not had the opportunity to learn. This may be true; but have, and had, are two different things; you know that I am not after *had* now—I wish to get at *have*. Have you, now?—that is the question, and answer it! Your Maker awaits your reply.

And moreover, to those who have had an opportunity to get knowledge—those who were born free, I say if you do not know anything, whose fault is it? And I say, also, that you had better begin and mend the fault before it comes to be a gross error.

You that have not had the opportunities to be great, and good, and wise, make not a stumbling block of HAVE. I warn you, for you know not the day nor the hour He comes for His talent, as a "thief in the night."

And finally, I say, "'Tis better late than never." Let us all get knowledge; and may the time come, in this State, when we shall have our Reasons, our Smiths, our Delaneys, and our Douglasses—men who shall be an honor to their kind, in this, the Western World.

O, with what pride we are able to answer the question: Who is one of the greatest among the many literary scholars of this age of wisdom? Prof. Charles L. Reason.

Who is one of the greatest among the thousands of the Medical fraternity, either in Europe or this country? Dr. James McCune Smith.

Who is he that is said to be one of the ablest orators of modern times? Frederick Douglass.

What colored Divine has won a world's renown by the clearness of his arguments, and the earnestness and zeal of his gospel pleadings? Is it not Samuel R. Ward.

And I might hunt up a host of just such persevering and gradually rising studious disciples of the cause of humanity, whose fame shall be

trumpet-tongued, when you and I, dear reader, are laid in mother earth. God speed their journey, and Justice their cause. May we have ten thousand just such men as Douglass, that when we ask where did you get your knowledge? In the cotton field, in the sugar patch, in bondage—where I could, and how I could. Now gentle reader, learn by their example while you can, and while you may.

During the ten years that I was under the careful tuition of Prof. Reason, I never knew him to lose a moments time. With his book in one hand and his biscuit in the other, the hour of noon was scrupulously spent by him drinking in the vast amount of knowledge that his capacious mind now contains. Look at that man and see what perseverance can do.

When I was a child, learning to make the letters of the alphabet in what was called the sand class, Charles L. Reason, now a pride to the best of names gracing the literary world; Henry Garnet, who ranks among the most celebrated orators of the time in which we live, and nine or ten others whose names are now associated with those of the greatest men in the various departments of science, were, at the time I refer to, studying the elements of Literature, Art, and Science, in the same public school with myself.

William H. Day, now Editor of the *Aliened American*, my classmate and bosom friend, has, by his great industry and perseverance, risen to a state of great importance, and is an example of youthful talent. These men have shown to the world that the American saying, "A Negro is a brute," is as false as the Nation that says so is unjust to themselves, to us, and to the world at large.

These men are an honor to their race, a terror to the whites, a living refutation to the foul lie, we are not men!

Hence, my friends, read their history; watch their deeds; be warned by them; and as they say to you, get wisdom, do so. Yes, get wisdom, it causes the tyrant to fear—get education, it promotes.

But the other day, and we saw the palpable proof of the value of education; we have seen the fallacious reasoning of our fellow countrymen whites set at nought in regard to our educational capacity; we have seen that while our own country does not consider us worth weighing in her just balance, France! France, the mighty France! second to none that has a name in history—second to none in power, wealth, and wisdom, has stamped upon our race the proof that we are men! That talents and real worth are the necessaries to equality, and not the color of the skin; and she maintains it!

Yes, and we have seen the youth of dark Egyptian dye; he, who comparatively speaking, had not wherewithal to buy his bread—poor in this world's goods—one of the despised among Afric's burdened sons, raised to a position for which a Noble, oft has bowed in homage to his King that he might attain.

"I am black, but comely." Yea, saith France, thou art a Negro, but a wise man; hence, wisdom is riches—knowledge, power! Oh then, be invited to seek wisdom; it is better than fine gold. I say again get it—get understanding—bow down before its fount, and drink deeply from its running stream.

ODE.

1. The lion o'er his wild domain,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The eagle of his rock maintains
By force the empire of the sky:
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage;
Parent and young, unweaned from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

2. Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth:
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth;
Force, speed, cunning, which nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of man.

3. From strength to strength he travels on;
He leaves the lingering brute behind;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soares a disembodied mind;
Beyond the grave his course sublime,
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of time
Is but eternity begun.

4. What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of Clay?
'Tis knowledge; knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.

5. Hail to the glorious plan that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams,
Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

ERRATA.

On 9th page, 16th line for "Committee," read "commission."

On the 15th page, 18th line for "fears the devil," read "loves God, fears the devil," etc.

On 13th page, 56th line, right hand column, for "Pete Cole's speculation," read "hate Coles speculation."

15th page, 12th line for "seven mighty men," read "three mighty men," etc.

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